

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844

NO. 3858.

JUNE 15, 1918.

IRISH RIGHTS AND BRITISH HONOR.

BY J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL, M. P.

I feel that my first task will be to tell England before the world that her statesmen must cease to talk of a League of Nations, or to pretend to carry on this war in defense of small nationalities, unless she sets her own house in order and sets free the nation which for more than seven hundred years has groaned under her misgovernment. That is the message which I hope, with more or less united support from all Irish Nationalists, to convey to the Government of England.—(*Mr. Dillon at Enniskillen, March 16th, 1918.*)

I pledge myself today before you Nationalists of Ulster that if justice and the fullest measure of justice is not meted to our people, and the national aspirations of Ireland fully satisfied, then I in your name will stand in the path of England, and will shame her before the nations of the world. Speaking for a United Ireland, I will appeal to America and the President of the United States, and I will say, "Tell England that she must, before she can pretend to carry on this war for the rights of small nationalities—she must go home and set her own house in order."—(*Mr. Dillon at Enniskillen, March 16th, 1918.*)

The last time I spoke upon this matter (Home Rule) I said that in my opinion the Government ought to take their courage in their hands, come down to the House of Commons and make a definite proposal. That they have not done. I say, no matter who he is, any British statesman who by his conduct once again teaches the Irish people the lesson that any national leader who, taking his political life in his hands, endeavors to combine local and imperial patriotism, endeavors to combine loyalty to Ireland's

rights with loyalty to the Empire, any one who again teaches that lesson, such a man is certain to be let down and betrayed by that course, is guilty of treason, not merely to the liberties of Ireland, but to the unity, strength and best interests of the Empire. That is the course which, in my judgment, the Irish people will recognize as being taken by you, and I warn you of the consequences.—(*Mr. John Redmond, House of Commons, March 7th, 1917.*)

I have placed in the forefront of this article the first public pronouncement made by Mr. Dillon as leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and one of the last public pronouncements made by Mr. Redmond. The present and the late Irish leaders are in hearty accord in their conviction that an immediate settlement of the Irish question is an imperative obligation of honor to Great Britain if she is to continue to hold up her head among the nations of the earth. Mr. Redmond's words were spoken in support of the following motion: "That with a view to strengthening the hands of the Allies in achieving the recognition of the rights of small nations and the principle of nationality against the opposite principle of military domination and government without the consent of the governed, it is essential without further delay to confer upon Ireland the free institutions so long promised to her."

Mr. Dillon, in the pronouncements from which I have quoted, while very properly disclaiming any attempt at an exposition in detail of the policy of the Irish Parliamentary Party pending the Report of the Irish Convention, has made plain to all men that whatever be the result of that Convention the demand for the establishment of an Irish Parliament and the persistent struggle for its accomplishment will not be abated. He declares, moreover, that the inconsistent position of Great Britain as the professed upholder of the rights of small nationalities while she denies such rights to Ireland will be demonstrated so clearly to the civilized world that he who runs may read. The new Irish leader was able to state as a broad and enduring feature of his program the union, not merely of all sections of Irish Nationalists, but of all Irishmen, by a common bond of sympathy to work out the freedom, happiness and prosperity of a common country. He also solemnly warned the Irish people against an organized conspiracy to set Irishmen against Irishmen in order that the sense of insecurity produced by the effects of this deliberate policy of exasperation should give a further lease of its discreditable existence to the exposed and detested system known as Castle Rule, to the benefit, as contrasted with the Irish nation at large, of the individuals who thrive on public corruption at the sacrifice of national interests for the maintenance of a puny and rapacious bureaucracy.

The severity of the expressions of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Redmond with respect to any further delay in the settlement of the Irish question, and their grave reflection on the honor of Great Britain which is involved in this question, are intensified by the consideration that Great Britain, while fighting for the independence of Belgium and Serbia and of all the

other small nations of Europe for the principle of nationality and for Poland, denies to Ireland the very boons for which she is fighting elsewhere on behalf of others. The story of the refusal of Home Rule to Ireland, and then the extraordinary contrivances by which the Irish people were deprived of the enjoyment of Home Rule when their right thereto had been acknowledged and conceded, forms one of the least inspiring of the chapters of English political and constitutional history. If the English Government of set purpose had determined to destroy all faith in constitutional agitation in Ireland with the object of goading the people into an armed resistance, to be crushed, no doubt, but utilized for the maintenance of Dublin Castle, they could not have adopted for such an end a more effective course of procedure than that which they have actually pursued.

Public memory in these countries is so short that I may state in a few words the way in which Ireland has been duped—the expression though strong is not strong enough—out of the rights so solemnly assured to her. The destruction of the old Irish Parliament by force and fraud has always been a subject of passionate resentment with the Irish people, who have never ceased to sigh for the restoration of their native legislature. The repeal of the Union was the most cherished object of O'Connell's ambition. The proposal of Isaac Butt for the establishment of an Irish Parliament on a federal basis—a settlement which “England could grant with safety and Ireland accept with honor”—originated the Irish Parliamentary Party of today. Parnell, by what is known as the active policy, pressed on the attention of the world the justice and necessity of the Irish demand. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone proclaimed himself a convert to the principle of Home Rule,

but his Home Rule Bill was defeated in the House of Commons in that year, and at the ensuing general election there was an overwhelming Unionist majority. The agitation for Home Rule was, however, sustained. It grew and prospered, and at the General Election of 1892 a majority in its favor was returned to the House of Commons. In 1893 Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill was carried in the House of Commons, but defeated in the House of Lords. The Cabinet did not accept Mr. Gladstone's suggestion of an immediate dissolution. Mr. Gladstone resigned the Premiership. Lord Rosebery was appointed to succeed him, Mr. Gladstone not being consulted in the appointment, for which he would have recommended Lord Spencer, a stanch Home Ruler. The Rosebery Government lingered on till 1895, being chiefly engaged, albeit unconsciously, in securing the débâcle of the Liberal Party and the subsequent acquirement of office and of power for the Tory Party for the next ten years, with the consequent indefinite postponement, if not the actual abandonment of the Home Rule policy. That policy had in its favor a majority of the members from Ireland since the general election of 1874, and an overwhelming majority since the general election of 1885. The Unionist Government in December, 1905, resigned without dissolving Parliament, although there had been no vote of want of confidence in them, and although Parliament had been prorogued since the previous August. Mr. Balfour, the outgoing Premier, imposed on his successor, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the task of forming an Administration before he could judge by a new Parliament the power in the country of certain Liberal politicians who were supposed to be averse to Home Rule, although they had been members of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Cabinet. Sir Henry Camp-

bell-Bannerman, the new Prime Minister, while himself an ardent Home Ruler, in order to secure the co-operation of certain members of the Liberal League, whose power in the country was soon shown to be grossly exaggerated, was obliged to consent that in the event of a Liberal majority at the polls a Home Rule measure would not be proposed. As a result of that election the Unionists returned only 135 members out of 670. In that Parliament, which was thus precluded by an artifice from Home Rule legislation for Ireland, the following motion, moved by Mr. Redmond on March 30th, 1908, was carried:—Ayes, 334; Noes, 142: "That the Reform of Irish Government is a matter vital to the interests of Ireland, and calculated greatly to promote the well-being of the people of Great Britain, and in the opinion of this House the solution of the problem can only be obtained by giving to the Irish people the legislative and executive control of their own affairs." This Parliament was dissolved in consequence of the conflict between the House of Lords and Commons produced by the rejection by the Lords of the Budget. In the new Parliament the Coalition majority over the Unionists was 124. The death of King Edward VII in 1910, and the failure of a conference of Liberal and Conservative leaders, proposed by the present King, to settle the question of the Reform of the House of Lords, led to yet another dissolution of Parliament, which was announced on November 18th, 1910. The Irish Party supported the Government at the polls on the sole condition that immediately after the destruction of the veto of the Lords the question of Ireland should be taken up and the Home Rule Bill passed with the least avoidable delay. The government came back to the present Parliament, which met in 1911, with a majority of 126, as against a majority of 124 in

the previous Parliament. The Parliament Bill of 1911 was carried through the House of Commons and through the House of Lords after an announcement that if the Bill were defeated the King would assent to the creation of a sufficient number of Peers to insure its passage. The Home Rule Bill, despite its imperative necessity and the pledges given in respect of it, was postponed for the Insurance Act. It passed through the House of Commons for the first time in 1912 after unparalleled obstruction, and was, of course, rejected by the House of Lords. In 1913 it passed again through the House of Commons and was rejected by the House of Lords. The Bill in 1914 was sent to the Lords for the third time, and would have become law under the provisions of the Parliament Act of 1911 despite its rejection by the House of Lords. Weak-kneed people in the Cabinet, terrified by the incidents in Ulster, the arming of the Volunteers and the Ulster Provisional Government, prevailed with their colleagues to propose an Amending Bill, with liberty for each Ulster County to vote itself out of the provisions of the Home Rule Bill for a period of three, afterwards extended to a period of six, years. To this Amending Bill the Irish Party consented, provided it was accepted as a final settlement. The Larne gun-running expedition, the Curragh mutiny, and the incidents attending it were not conducive to such a settlement. The Amending Bill was read a first time, but never came before the House of Commons again owing to the outbreak of the war. The progress of the Home Rule Bill to the Statute Book was as follows: There was a delay of six weeks in putting the Bill after it had passed all its stages on the Statute Book. On September 15th, 1914, the war having been in full operation for nearly five weeks, Mr. Asquith moved the Bill to delay the operation of the

Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills for one year or for the period of the war, and on September 18th, 1914, the Home Rule Bill received the Royal Assent in the House of Lords. From that time the effort has been incessant in certain quarters to exasperate the Irish people, to slight them when responding magnificently to the call for enlistment for the war, to inflict upon them a series of petty War Office indignities, to which Mr. Lloyd George, as War Secretary, thus referred in the House of Commons on October 18th, 1916:—"I wish I could give an answer to my hon. friend's (Mr. Redmond's) criticisms. But some of the—I want to get the right word—some of the stupidities, which sometimes look almost like malignities, which were perpetrated at the beginning of the recruiting in Ireland are beyond belief."

We know the sequence. The men who would have defended Ireland from the Germans if Irish rights had been conceded and Irish susceptibilities respected at last rose in an insurrection, which was savagely suppressed—an insurrection whose savage suppression threatened the very existence of the constitutional movement in Ireland—as probably the authors and instigators of the military excesses in Easter week, 1916, desired. That rising was due to the exasperation created by the postponement of Home Rule and the appointment to a seat in the Cabinet of Sir Edward Carson, who had threatened armed resistance to a Home Rule Government. The conduct of the English Government after the insurrection in respect of the establishment of Home Rule for Ireland cannot but strike its best friends as yet another chapter in the sad history of chicanery and duplicity in the relations between Great Britain and Ireland—a history which if studied would force foreign statesmen to ask themselves the question, "How can I,

with safety to my country or security to myself, rely on any assurance of an English Cabinet from which it may benefit them to depart or in which they may be interested in deceiving me?" The violation by the Government of the settlement of the Irish question, proposed and guaranteed by themselves in the summer of 1916 after the outbreak of the insurrection, has been thus described by Mr. T. P. O'Connor and by Mr. Redmond in the House of Commons on March 7th, 1917, and would, if it stood by itself alone, justify the language of Mr. Dillon and of Mr. Redmond with which I have begun this article. "One of the many factors," said Mr. O'Connor, "that have created this morbid, this deplorable feeling in Ireland was the failure of the negotiations last summer (1916). I am not going into the merits of that now dead-and-gone transaction beyond saying this, that the leaders of both the Irish parties were sent over to Ireland, not empty-handed, but with a document that was as much a contract as any lease that was ever signed, or any will that was ever made, or any treaty that any nation ever entered into with another. It was quite as sacred to honorable statesmen as that treaty of neutrality the violation of which by Germany brought this country into war. That contract was broken. What was the position in which my honorable and learned friend (Mr. Redmond) and his colleagues were placed? All through from the very first hour of the war they had tried to continue the work of Gladstone and of Parnell, to get the Irish to understand that they might have a friendly people in England, and kindly, liberal and honorable statesmen in England. That contract was broken. I do not go into detail, but it was broken. It was broken by the Government; and the anti-English Party, which had been growing in strength through all these events, got another

and more powerful argument than ever they had before, that the crack of the rifle was better than the voice of the Parliamentarian. Ireland drew the conclusion that, as with the Treaty of Limerick, as with the Stuarts, as with Pitt, England was ever the perfidious England known of old." Mr. Redmond was no less emphatic in his charge against the Government of having broken faith with him. "I take leave," he said, "to tell the Prime Minister that after my experience of the last negotiations I wish to enter into no more negotiations. The effect of these negotiations was simply this. We were asked to agree to certain proposals which were put in writing. After great difficulty, much against the grain, and realizing all the unpopularity of the position we were taking up, we agreed to that. We were asked to go over to our fellow-countrymen and to ask for their consent, and before going over we asked if we came back with that consent would there be any attempt to enlarge them or would the people responsible for them stand by them. We got that assurance, and without that assurance we would never have gone and asked our people to consent. When we came back with that consent in our pockets we were faced with a variation of the contract, alterations and changes which we could never agree to and that were never submitted to our friends in Ireland, and after that experience I for one will enter into no more negotiations."

Having regard to these statements, which are irrefutable, it is an imperious obligation of national honor and a matter of vital importance to the future prosperity and welfare of the Empire that there should be an immediate settlement of the Irish difficulty in accordance with the wants and wishes of the Irish people.

Mr. Dillon, in his first pronouncement as leader of the Irish Parlia-

mentary Party, did not confine himself to strictures on the conduct of the British Government in respect of the Irish demand, which has the support of the whole civilized world. He made a statement which it is difficult for anyone unacquainted with the methods of Dublin Castle administration to accept, although it comes from a gentleman in a position of overwhelming responsibility not of his own choosing, whose good faith and honor have never been impugned during a stormy public career of well-nigh forty years. Mr. Dillon's words convey a deliberate charge, which if well founded is only a repetition of the dealings in days gone by of Dublin Castle with the Irish people. Dublin Castle officials of the baser sort deliberately stimulated the Irish people into the Insurrection of 1798 in order to pave the way for the Union. The same methods which Mr. Gladstone once characterized as the methods of "baseness and blackguardism" seem now to be employed in order to maintain in the interest of a few individuals the indefensible system which bears the detested name of Dublin Castle. Mr. Dillon, having referred to the policy of exasperation adopted by the Irish Executive and the proclamation of martial law in Clare, declared that that policy is embodied in an organized campaign not indeed "to swamp Sinn Fein, for these proceedings only exasperate and increase Sinn Fein." He thinks the *agent provocateur* is at work in Ireland. "It may be," he said, "and I am afraid it is an organized campaign to swamp and destroy the national movement and Home Rule by extending military law to the whole country. That is what I fear it is, and let me tell you that, in my opinion, and I speak from some knowledge, for some facts have come to my knowledge through letters going to the wrong man, that is a thing that has happened before in Irish history."

Some of the letters, police letters among them, fell into the wrong hands lately in Ireland, and I tell you here today that the ranks of Sinn Fein are honeycombed with police spies and police agents, and that some of the most violent men today who are urging the people on against the military and the law are in the pay of the police for the purpose of enforcing military law on the whole country." Any comment on a statement of such a character would be superfluous. The *agent provocateur* is not unknown in English history. In England in 1817 a Government spy named Castle, of infamous character, having uttered the most seditious language and incited the people to arm, proved in the witness box the very crimes he had himself prompted and encouraged. Another Government spy named Oliver in 1820 proceeded into the disturbed districts in the character of a London delegate instigating the deluded operatives to rise and arm. He thrust himself into their society, he concealed the craft of the spy under the disguise of a traitorous conspirator. Before he undertook this shameful mission he was in communication with Lord Sidmouth (a former Prime Minister, then Home Secretary), and throughout its progress was corresponding with the Government and its agents. Sir Erskine May writes in reference to these transactions: "So odious is the character of a spy that his ignominy is shared by his employers, against whom public feeling has never failed to pronounce itself in proportion to the infamy of the agent and the complicity of those whom he served." The disgust and indignation caused by the association of a Government with the *agent provocateur* were so intense that when in 1833 complaint was made that the police—the English police, of course—had been concerned in practices resembling the treachery of spies, a Parliamentary inquiry was

instituted, but elicited little more than the misconduct of a single policeman, who was dismissed from the force.

The charge that Self-Government for Ireland is endangered by a conspiracy through Dublin Castle "malignities," aided by the work of the *agent provocateur* to drive the country into insurrection and extinguish agitation for constitutional government by martial law, cannot be regarded as a phantom of suspicion when it is remembered that the insurrection of 1798, with all its attendant horrors, was deliberately provoked by Dublin Castle in order to carry the Union.

P. S.—This article was written, printed and the proofs corrected before the introduction in the House of Commons of a further Military Service Bill, by which conscription has been extended to Ireland, and before the issue almost contemporaneously of the Report of the Irish Convention. The forcing of conscription on Ireland without previous communication either direct or indirect with the leaders of the Irish people and in spite of the uncompromising opposition in the House of Commons of the Irish Parliamentary Party, is equivalent to the signing of the death warrant of a peaceful settlement of the Irish difficulty on the basis of reconciliation and good will of all sorts and conditions of men in Ireland, not only among themselves, but towards Great Britain. The words of Sir Lawrence Parsons in the Irish House of Commons in denouncing the recall by the English Cabinet of Lord Fitzwilliam, who had been sent over as Lord-Lieutenant to promote a policy of Catholic Emancipation, and had then been dismissed for carrying out the directions of the Government—a proceeding which was a powerful factor of the Irish Insurrection in 1798—immediately occurred to me as applicable to the situation created by the Govern-

ment with a Conscription Act in one hand and the Convention Report and a Home Rule Bill in the other. "If the demon of darkness should come from the infernal regions upon earth and throw a firebrand among the people he could not do more to promote mischief. . . . He protested that in all the history he had read he had never met with a parallel of such ominous infatuation as that by which the British Minister appeared to be led. Let him persevere, and you must increase your army (in Ireland) to myriads; every man must have five or six dragoons in his house." Mr. Asquith, speaking in the House of Commons on the Army Bill, in weighty words pronounced his judgment on the effect likely to be produced thereby on the work of the Convention: "Would it not be an act of almost—I do not like to use too strong language—at any rate, an act of terrible shortsightedness at such a moment, in such conditions, when an Irish Convention has concluded its labors and you are about to ask the assent of Parliament to what will be, I trust, a generous and far-reaching measure of self-government for Ireland, to precede or at least to accompany the grant of that great and long-delayed boon by imposing on Ireland—she may be wrong, she may be shortsighted, she may be perverse—by imposing upon Ireland a measure which, as we know, rightly or wrongly, is obnoxious to a very large number of the Irish people. In other words—to bring the matter back to practical considerations—will the gain which you get in the conduct of the War and in increased military efficiency by whatever number of recruits will be compulsorily enlisted in Ireland compensate you as a set-off against the hazards and the risks to which you are exposing yourself? The task—I have said it for thirty years and I say it again, and it has been

never more so than today—which is most urgent for British statesmanship is to effect such a reconciliation on a permanent and broad basis between these two islands as will remove from the British Empire the reproach that in any part of its vastly extended Dominions there is any community of its subjects that does not voluntarily give a whole-hearted allegiance."

Mr. Dillon on the same occasion plainly stated his firm belief that the true consequence of the policy of extending conscription to Ireland would be to destroy all hopes of a settlement and defeat the object of the Convention.

"Distrust, believe me, is the root of all trouble in Ireland. No man in Ireland now—and I feel the full weight of responsibility for what I am about to say—no man in Ireland now, no matter what party he belongs to, believes in or places any reliance whatever on the promises and pledges of British statesmen. That is a very serious thing, but it is true, and it is time the truth should be told, no matter what the Prime Minister has to say as to the desirability of covering things up and of conducting Debates in this House as if we were ostriches with our heads in the sand. I want to say in all seriousness that in Ireland and in America the belief will be general that this proposal to apply Conscription to Ireland at this particular moment, in the teeth of the recommendation of the Government's own Convention, has been made for the deliberate purpose of affording the Government an opportunity of escaping from its pledges to the Irish people. I am not asserting that that is so, I am not asserting that I believe it to be true, but I say it will be the conviction in Ireland, because the Irish mind is poisoned by the suspicions engendered by the treatment we have received during recent years."

The Irish Convention has, in the words of its Chairman, Sir Horace

Plunkett, written with just pride, "laid a foundation of Irish agreement unprecedented in history." Its Majority Report favors the establishment of an Irish Parliament and Executive, with full powers over internal legislation and administration, and over direct taxation, while representation in the Imperial Parliament is to be retained and the principle of contribution to Imperial service, and the supreme authority of the Imperial Parliament is to be accepted. As the Convention has failed to secure the settlement of the Irish difficulty by consent, the Government will themselves introduce a Home Rule Bill, which is, it is stated, being drafted with all expedition. The statement of the Prime Minister that he was not aware that the unanimous report of a sub-committee of the Convention deprecating conscription in Ireland without the consent of an Irish Parliament had been accepted by the vote of the Convention, in fact that he had not read that Report when he moved the first reading of the Man Power Bill on April 9th is proof conclusive that the idea of a coercive policy for Ireland was a much more potent consideration with him than a policy of conciliation, and that while the Military Service Bill has been forced through Parliament with all the expedition which the full influence of the Government, with the use of the closure and the guillotine could secure, the Government Home Rule Bill, with the Report of the Convention, which one of its members said in the House of Commons was, having regard to conscription in Ireland, "only so much waste paper" will be subject to the treacherous and dilatory tactics by which hitherto measures of appeasement and conciliation between Great Britain and Ireland have been hindered and eventually destroyed. The outburst of indignation which the imposition of conscription in Ireland has awakened in

the whole population of the country, and especially among those who have most powerfully aided, in many cases by their services in the field, the cause of the Allies in this war and the advocacy of resistance, passive or otherwise, to conscription which is openly advo-

cated, bring to mind the opposition of the Irish Volunteers to restrictions on Irish trade by English legislation. "England," said an Irish orator at that time, "has sown her laws as dragon's teeth, they have sprung up as armed men."

The Contemporary Review.

THE KING AND THE WAR.

BY SYDNEY BROOKS.

Our war with Germany has often and justly been described as a war of contrasts, and of contrasts that cover nearly every trait in the national characters of the two peoples. But it has been less noted with what curious completeness these contrasts are summed up in the respective personalities of the King and the Kaiser. William the Second is not indeed a typical German. If he were, the Germans would be an even more formidable nation than they are. George the Fifth, on the other hand, is emphatically a representative Englishman and to analyze his qualities would be to resolve into their elements the sources of British strength. In any comparison, again, of the two Sovereigns allowance must be made for the differences in the popular conceptions, the prerogatives and the functions of kingship that obtain in Great Britain and Germany, for these differences affect, if not the very nature of the supreme ruler, at least his manner of revealing himself. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" "There is only one master in this country, and I am he; I shall suffer no other beside me." "The ways into which I and my Government have struck are the right ways, nor can I deviate from the path which I have prescribed for myself, and for which I have only to answer to God and my conscience." "*Suprema lex regis vol-*

untas." "This 'kingship by the grace of God' expresses the fact that we Hohenzollerns accept our crown only from Heaven, and are responsible to Heaven for the performance of its duties. I, too, am animated by this view, and am resolved to act and govern on this principle." "All who oppose me I will dash to pieces." Sentences such as these require some further explanation than the temperament of an individual. Centuries of history, a peculiar mold of national thought on the problems of government, must have gone to their making. Otherwise their expression would have been almost inconceivable and their acceptability impossible. One must remember, in a word, that when the Kaiser speaks as he does it is not merely because he is what he is, but because Germany's past has been what it has been. And the same or a similar qualification has to be admitted in the case of King George's public utterances. Their form and content are determined less by his personality than by the cumulative play of historical forces. With Sovereigns more than with most people these evolutionary wrappings have to be unwound before one can hope to penetrate to the real man behind them. There is a wide sphere in which the sayings and doings of rulers are less an index to their own character than

to the past of the nations over which they rule; and to separate what is instinctive, natural, personal from what is historical is not always easy.

No one, however, who has met and studied both the King and the Kaiser can have much doubt that in the fundamentals of personality and disposition they are opposed with a sharpness that accentuates the present state of war between their countries. I think everyone's first impression of King George the Fifth must be of his genuineness. But who, however much he might have been intrigued and even captivated by the Kaiser's abounding vivacity, ever thought him quite sincere, ever quite trusted him? He is the *faux bonhomme* written large, the man of consciously condescending familiarity, of hectic hollow gaiety, always striving for an effect and morbidly, almost pruriently, on the watch to see whether he is producing it. We have all known that distressing type of humanity, the imitation gentleman, adroit, accomplished, versatile, entirely presentable, facile and even charming in his intercourse with the world, quite successfully imposing himself on his own terms until something peeps out—a phrase, a look, some unguarded disclosure in a moment of difficulty or irritation—and you see behind all the veneer and the artifice the soul of the parvenu or the bagman or the monstrous heartlessness of the egotist. The Kaiser is not wholly that, but that indisputably is the class to which he belongs. From his earliest days there has been that in him which was spurious, which did not ring true. Combine vanity with imagination—with the sickly imagination that makes a man always the hero of his own dreams—and the resultant is falsity. There may co-exist with it ardor and exaltations and generous impulses and high and quick instincts, but so long as this rotten streak runs through the founda-

tions of a man's character, as it runs through the Kaiser's, the better side of him is vitiated at the core. Most men of insight and experience have detected in William the Second the mark of the charlatan. When they wished to flatter him they spoke of his "versatility." But that is scarcely the right word for a man who, in an age of specialists, would rush to pronounce on any subject with the assertiveness of the amateur; who would lecture painters on chiaroscuro, sculptors on the chiseling of draperies, and the whole world on art in general; who blossomed forth one day as the patron of a cure for consumption that soon turned out to be no cure at all, and the next day bestowed the Black Eagle upon a foreign officer who a few months later was court-martialed for the veryfeat which had won the Imperially precipitate admiration; and who all his life has been prodigal of half-baked *obiter dicta* on religion, poetry, the drama, aeroplanes, Parisian fashions, clay-modeling, the construction of yachts, the presentation of plays, and so on. Excursions such as these bespeak not versatility but volatility, and when to them is added the military peacocking and the hundred other displays through which, like another Nero, the Kaiser has sought to force applause by arts more becoming to a *cabotin* than a Sovereign, and when one recalls his intense and theatrical egotism, his consuming desire for the palm without the dust, his easily offended dignity and his itching restlessness, one may be tolerably sure that behind the glitter and the tinsel there is a background of sheer humbug and imposture.

So utterly alien and abhorrent are all such characteristics to King George that he and the German Emperor might seem to belong not merely to different nations and different types, but to different worlds and species. His

manner, his tone, the whole atmosphere that surrounds him, proclaim an immediate and unmistakable sincerity of character. "When you are with the King," I remember being told by a friend of his some years ago, "you feel at once absolutely sure that you are with one who is a gentleman through and through." Candor, earnestness, sympathy are stamped upon him. One divines from the first moment of admission into his presence that here is a Sovereign who is naturalness itself, who most decidedly means what he says, who, being human above all things, has the power to feel for others, and who can lay aside the sceptre not only without effort but with something like relief; and further experience confirms that initial impression. I have seen the King in conversation with all sorts of people, with officers, the managers of great munitions works, shop stewards, wounded soldiers, factory workers; and his demeanor has invariably been that of one keen to learn and understand, frank himself and expecting frankness from others, much too dignified ever to be thinking of his dignity, as eager to elicit the real views of those whom he is talking with, as he is quick to express his own, and meeting his subjects of all ranks with the same hearty and unaffected simplicity. One cannot imagine him doing what the Kaiser is never free from the suspicion of doing—converting every event into a ceremony with himself as the central figure, working up elaborate stage effects under the exclusive glare of the limelight, posing and attitudinizing in carefully prepared settings, fabricating occasions on which he may publicly "unbend" and be consciously "popular." Such artifices are as repugnant to the man in King George as to the monarch. The spectacular side of kingship, I should say, is one he conforms to when he has to, but is under no inclination to force. His own

tastes lie very much the other way. Probably if he were not King he would have chosen as the most congenial of all lives that of an English country gentleman, with an estate large enough to demand good business management, with plenty of fishing and shooting, with a seat in Parliament or on the County Council, and with endless opportunities for little unostentatious acts of practical benevolence and usefulness. The Kaiser, of course, would have been an actor-manager, with a wide area of the stage interposing between himself and the subordinate members of the cast, and with no need for any other press agent.

It must intensely gratify the King to feel that in these crucial days he is deepening and extending his hold over the affectionate regard of his peoples. No one could be less of a popularity-hunter than he is. Yet no one could be more sincerely anxious that the feeling for him should go beyond that attachment to the throne which is by far the strongest political passion common to all his subjects, and that there should be infused into it a distinctive personal note. A thoroughly human man—one always comes back to that in one's thoughts of him—he has an honest human desire to be liked not merely for his office but for himself. But at the same time being thoroughly English, perhaps indeed the most English King we have ever had, he regards the arts of self-advertisement with the quiet disdain of an English gentleman. The King has the adaptability and the alertness of an old sailor. He has also the gift of industry, a native power of application, and a sense of duty, of what his position demands of him, so strong and steadfast that at its call he would sacrifice almost any inclination and acquire almost any accomplishment, however uncongenial. But one cannot conceive him deliberately setting forth to curry popular favor. Were he to

try the experiment, which he assuredly never will, his own nature would defeat him. It is not merely that he lacks the histrionic temperament which lends to everything the Kaiser says and does an air of meretriciousness and calculation, but that playing to the gallery, doing the cheaply dramatic thing, would strike him as definitely degrading. The King has done many things, and especially during the War, that have been most heartily approved by the nation. But he has done them not because they were likely to be popular, but because his instincts assured him they were the right things to do. Whether he possesses King Edward's all but infallible knack of reading the silent thoughts and wishes of the nation I do not know. But I am very sure that with an outlook, emotions, characteristics so essentially British he has merely to trust to himself and follow his own intuitions for all to be well. The strength of the House of Windsor is not merely its age and prestige, its political convenience, and its association with British history; it lies also in its intimate congruity with the social sentiments of the British people. And that accordance, never so real and harmonious as at this moment, needs no factitious emphasis or display. It is interwoven with the very spirit of our polity and of our national life; and the King of England, sure of himself and his people and his throne, can dispense with those artificial stimulants to popularity that Sovereigns who are newer to the game or less securely circumstanced find necessary.

One result, however, of the unpretentious, the almost retiring, way in which the King goes about his business is that people in general have little idea of the scope of the Royal activities. They read, for instance, in the Court Circular, that he has visited a munitions factory or a hospital—he has as a matter of fact visited not

far short of two hundred factories and over three hundred hospitals—and they conclude that it was probably a scamped twenty-minutes' affair. Not at all. The King does nothing by halves. If there is one quality that more distinguishes him than his genuineness it is his thoroughness. I have twice seen him going the round of workshops connected with the War and each time he was on his feet for a solid two hours, looking into everything, free of comment, prodigal of pertinent questions. The King on such occasions makes an admirable guest because his interest in all that is going on is entirely unforced, his experience of the processes of munition-making reaches very far beyond that of the ordinary layman, he has seen the use to which the weapons that are being manufactured before his eyes are put at the Front, and can describe what he has seen with vivid animation, and he really wants to know the purpose and peculiarities of each machine he comes across. It is anything but a listless time for the managers and foremen when the King is around. They are put at once on their mettle answering pertinent questions; and they often get from him in return disquisitions of a kind that I have sometimes thought might well be elaborated in all the shops and yards engaged on war work—little lectures, I mean, that would bring home to the workers the part that their special industry, and even their special processes and products, are playing in the whole monstrous drama. Thus I have heard the King hold forth on the use of the motor lorry at the front and its possible uses hereafter for agricultural purposes at home, and on the types and material of the German as compared with the British aeroplanes, in a way that could not but have given every employee in the shops a fresher, wider and more intelligent interest in his work.

But with the King in all the relations of life it is the human element that counts; and when he goes through a factory it is the men and women employed in it that interest him more than the machinery. His intercourse with them is invariably, so far as my observations go, of the easiest and happiest character. There is not a vestige in him either of the spirit or the air of "condescension" or of the even more terrible "affability" of an exalted personage. The King is entirely unembarrassed and entirely frank, and whether he is speaking to a girl machinist, to a works foreman, to a shop steward, or to a wounded soldier who has come back to civil life, or is cross-examining a veteran employee on his record, or is scanning the photographs of his boys in the Army which some proud father is sure to bring to his notice, the impression he makes is always the same, that of a hearty, direct, outspoken and feeling man to whom Sovereignty is more or less an accident and humanity the first essential, and a British victory the only thing in the world worth thinking of or working for at this moment.

There is no formality of any kind about these visits. They are rather in the nature of friendly calls paid by the Sovereign, himself the hardest worker in the kingdom, upon his fellow-workers in another sphere; and the good they do is, I am convinced, immense. There is something more than piquancy in the spectacle of the King vigorously unburdening himself to a shop steward on the shame and scandal of strikes at such a time as this for trivial causes, or pressing upon an employee of reputedly "advanced" views his conviction that beating the Germans is the only thing that matters. Such impromptu encounters and the fact that they are possible, and that the King enjoys them as much as anybody else, are the material from

which strong links are forged between the Sovereign and his subjects. I should think it safe to say that whenever King George and the British workingman come together they part with a mutual increase of liking and regard. The men see at once that the King rings true; his honesty, his zest, his so obviously sincere interest in them and their work, his transparent kindness make an immediate appeal and meet with an immediate response; and it rarely happens after one of these visits to the centers of war industries that the King does not receive letters of spontaneous gratitude and appreciation from men and employers alike. And the King on his part derives from his expeditions not only the pleasure—a very real one to a man of his alert intellectual curiosity—of seeing and learning something new, but also fresh confirmation of his view—I am not sure that I should not rather call it his conviction—that few labor problems are insoluble when tackled in the right spirit, and that the key to the right spirit is to be had by remembering that men are men and not machines. I have known the King declare himself on these matters with the most satisfying vigor and precision; and there is many a labor leader who will bear me out in saying that you will hear more sound sense expressed on industrial questions in the King's study at Buckingham Palace, and a greater insight and a more understanding spirit displayed in discussing them, than in most gatherings of employers or Trade Union Congresses.

But visits to munition works and hospitals are only a fraction of the labors that the War has thrust upon the King. If any man in the country is doing his bit, he most certainly is; and though none of it is against the grain—for there is not a Briton anywhere who is more dedicated to the War than King George—still it is possible that

not all his activities are those that he would himself have chosen had he been free to follow his inclinations. I have heard him speak with an almost wistful admiration of the part played by the King of Italy in the War, helpful but unobtrusive, sharing the trials of his troops at the Front, animating them by his presence and example, but never interfering with the conduct of the War, no prancing "War-lord," but at the same time an active and inspiring figure in the arena. It was to some such rôle, I should hazard, that King George's thoughts instinctively turned at the first opening of the War. But "reasons of State," and in particular the undoubted derangement of our Governmental system that would be caused by the prolonged absence of the Sovereign in a foreign land, obliged him reluctantly to forego that ambition. But he has never let slip an opportunity of showing his passionate interest in every branch of the fighting services. He has visited the Grand Fleet three times, besides paying several visits to naval ports and bases; he has visited the British Armies in France five times; he has made over two hundred inspections of troops and various units; very few divisions have left these shores unvisited by him and none at all without his message of God-speed and good luck; he has held some 250 investitures, personally conferring nearly 25,000 decorations; and he has sent over 35,000 letters and telegrams of sympathy to the relatives of fallen officers. And all this has been in addition to well over a hundred Privy Councils, to official audiences that since the War can rarely have averaged less than four a week, and to less formal but not less lengthy or perhaps less interesting receptions of individuals whose total cannot fall much below 1,500.

But even that is not all. The most arduous part of the King's work since

1914 has not been imposed upon him by his obligations as head of the State, but has sprung from the depth and intensity of his zeal to follow and understand every phase of this stupendous cataclysm at home and at all the fronts and in all lands. People are apt to forget how special and personal are the bonds that unite the King and the War, and that no one of his subjects has quite the interest in its fortunes that he has. It is the interest in the first place of the supreme ruler of the British Empire through the most fateful crisis that Empire has ever faced. And few if any of us know the Empire with the first-hand intimacy of King George. There is hardly a corner of it that he has not visited. He has been six times to Canada, thrice to India and Ceylon and twice to South Africa and Australia. "By England," he once said, "we do not mean these islands in the Western sea, but an England which is spread over the whole surface of the world." No ruler has yet sat on the British throne with so deep an appreciation of all that is involved in the Imperial title, so broad a consciousness that the crown he wears is the symbol of unity and kinship to one-fifth of mankind, or so just and interpretative an insight into the sentiments of the British Dominions overseas.

When he summed up the unspoken message from the Empire to the Mother Country in the exhortation, "Wake up, England!"; when he urged with courage and force the necessity of seeing that the emigrants sent out from Great to Greater Britain were of the best and most suitable quality; when he anticipated the essence of Lord Morley's Indian reforms by the quiet and timely remark that he "could not help thinking" that the task of governing India would be "made easier for us if we, on our part, infuse into it a wider element of sympathy"—on these and on many

other occasions, long before the War, he showed gleams of the authentic spirit of Imperial statesmanship. And knowing the Empire as he does, having seen with his own eyes what is being done in the British name in all the seven seas, has but increased his pride in the stock he comes from and in the realm he rules over. I doubt whether King George ever had much of his father's ambition to cut a popular figure in foreign capitals or to become a personal force in European diplomacy. He has never, one would say, wished to be a cosmopolitan King; he does profoundly wish to be a British King. A robust faith in the British people and character and in the British Empire is the first article in his political creed; and this faith, fortified by a knowledge of the Dominions such perhaps as no other living person possesses, must have inflamed, far beyond the average man's imaginings, his sense of the magnitude and meaning of the War.

Then, again—and this, too, is apt to slide out of the popular memory—the King for fifteen years served in the Navy and has never since lost touch with it. He has, therefore, in the War, and apart from everything else, the peculiarly unquenchable interest of the veteran professional. There is this further stake in it that he shares with multitudes of his subjects—his eldest son is on active service; and there cannot be any father or any family in the Empire to whom that means more than to him and his. And when to this end one adds that the King must reckon his friends and acquaintances who are in the fighting by the score where the man in the street reckons his by twos and threes, and that he is behind the scenes of all that is happening, hears the unvarnished truth, and follows the fluctuations of the struggle not in official communiqués once a day, but in ampler and unedited

reports almost from hour to hour, one begins to realize with what unique and complex insistence the War must press upon him both as a man and a Sovereign. Yet there are many things that the King has done in this War which in my judgment he would still have done without the promptings of his Royal office. As King he has Anglicized the Monarchy. Had he been one of his own subjects he would have been the first to applaud, and possibly the first to advocate, that salutary act of purification. As King he devoted, I believe, to war purposes in a single sum practically his entire income for the year. But I can easily imagine him not less splendidly munificent had he been in any other station of life. As King, and to set a high and conspicuous example, he gave up alcohol for the duration of the War. He would have done the same, I conceive, as a private individual. As King, again, he long ago reduced his scale of living to such simplicity that the introduction of rations, to which he at once conformed, made hardly any difference to his table. But I am persuaded that he would not have acted otherwise had he been a plain Mister living in South Kensington. As King he marks from day to day with pins and pencils on the maps that cover the walls of his study the positions of the armies on all the fronts. He would be similarly engaged, unless I am wholly mistaken, were he Peer or Commoner, a barrister or a grocer. For these things in the mass are determined not by rank but by character, conscience, keenness and the quality of a man's patriotism; and I have utterly misread King George if he were to prove less of a Briton, or less intent on doing everything in his power to further victory, or if his flame of self-sacrifice burned less brightly, had fate consigned him to the common walks of life.

What I think it comes to is that

while his is one of the sturdy natures that outward circumstances cannot change, his position as King has enabled him to serve his country on a far ampler scale and with far more effect than any private citizen could compass, and to feed with unlimited fuel his tireless interest in all that touches on the War. It is not by any means the exaggeration it sounds to say that he knows more about it than any of his Cabinet Ministers. Apart from the vigilance that is used to command the presence of, and apart from his Royal skill in cross-examining, officers who have distinguished themselves at the Front or have escaped from Germany, or returned travelers who have something to tell worth knowing about neutral countries, apart from all that the King thus learns, officially and otherwise, by word of mouth, he has also at his disposal the whole vast arsenal of Departmental memoranda. His secretaries wage an endless battle with the official documents that the King insists on seeing. All the secret Foreign Office papers, all the confidential reports from our missions in foreign lands, all the India Office and Colonial Office papers, all the uncensored military and naval dispatches, and all the weekly returns brought out by the Departments that deal with subjects in which he is particularly interested—the industrial situation, for instance, liquor control, pensions, the submarine warfare, Ireland, the shipbuilding program—in short, the whole work of the Government and of the Armies and of the Fleet comes before the King. He reads it all, assimilates it, and stores it away for use and reference in a memory of kingly retentiveness; and he is almost certainly the only officer of State who does so. What this means on the top of all the State business that has to be got through and that only the King can transact, was made clear during his recent visit to France

immediately after the launching of the German offensive. After a hard day's touring he was called on to deal with the contents of eight dispatch boxes; six more greeted him the moment he landed in England, and he spent the journey to London in wrestling with them; and when he reached Buckingham Palace, having only been away two nights, it was to be confronted with a further pile of between twenty and thirty. Small wonder that the King's working day since the War began has averaged anywhere between twelve and fifteen hours. What Mr. Lloyd George said of him at Glasgow some nine months ago was and is literally true: "There is one man who is working as hard as the hardest-worked man in this country, and that is the Sovereign of this realm." And with it all the King keeps up his established habits of always beginning the day by reading the Bible, of never omitting to attend church on Sunday, of reading all the letters that are addressed to him, and of writing up his private diary day by day.

But though the extent of his labors is largely unknown to the general public, and though during the earlier part of the War a fatuous censorship was permitted to veil his very movements, there has been sinking into the popular mind a conception of his character and merits that is at last beginning to approximate to the truth. When he came to the throne King George was in many ways a stranger to his subjects. Until he was twenty-seven he was almost incessantly at sea, and in the following eighteen years he was frequently either visiting the capitals of Europe or making long tours through the Empire. Moreover, King Edward's vitality and industry and his complete success in the twofold rôle of political head and society leader combined with his own preferences to keep him, as Prince of Wales, un-

usually in the background. Nor have the opportunities for forming an accurate judgment even since his accession been in any way normal. The eight years during which he has reigned have been years of constitutional crisis, of industrial unrest in an acutely menacing form, of agitation in Ireland that barely stopped short of civil war, of fierce and sustained political excitements, and finally of this measureless conflagration. The fates have dealt harshly with him; the politicians at times have dealt more harshly still. It has only been slowly and under pressure of the closer communion and the juster valuation of essentials induced by the War that the nation has come to appreciate at something like his proper worth one of the most sterling and representative of British Sovereigns.

Even now, however, the understanding, if I may judge by my own impressions and experiences, is far from being complete. Most preconceptions of King George, and especially those of a negative implication, vanish altogether at one's first meeting with him. The King has a far more pronounced individuality than is generally realized. A man of eager, impetuous nature, energetic in talk, of decided views which he unfolds and maintains with great zest and emphasis and vivid gestures and an occasional hearty burst of laughter—real laughter, the laughter of a kindly nature—he constantly, of all people in the world, reminds one of Theodore Roosevelt. In their expansiveness, their positiveness, the way, when they give their confidence, they give it whole-heartedly, holding nothing back, their capacity for ignoring the tepid conventional timidities, the two men have much in common—though I am far from imputing the

King's modesty to Colonel Roosevelt or the ex-President's tangential expensiveness to his Majesty. I only mention the resemblance between them which does undoubtedly exist, as indicating the sort of surprise that lies in wait for one who, with his head filled with impressions of the King formed at a distance or from the outside, is suddenly admitted to the privilege of a personal meeting.

But there are other characteristics of the King that do not need the illumination of any contact at all, that shine recognizably clear and bright from afar. Such, for instance, is his sense of duty, that star which guides his whole life and conduct. Such, too, are his untiring faculty for work, his responsiveness to every call that is made upon him, the fine completeness of his integrity. I cannot imagine anyone trying to flatter the King or to play the courtier in his presence. Insincerity and pretentiousness would very soon shrivel up before his steady, open candor. There is no insincerity, however, in the tribute, unanimous, confirmed and endorsed anew, which those who are in his daily service pay to his considerateness, his loyalty, and his methodical handling of affairs. These are qualities worth very much more to us as a nation, because they are more consonant with what is best in the British character, than the flashy, flaring brilliance of a dozen Kaisers. It is this consciousness, more than anything else, that the King typifies in himself the soundest and most wholesome elements in British life, the saving virtues which have made and kept us great, that is at this moment forging some new links and strengthening many old ones between our people and the Crown.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

LIVING AGE, VOL. X, NO. 514.

A MAID O' DORSET.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).

CHAPTER VII.

The other side of the county—or rather one of the county's many sides, presented a very different aspect from that afforded by the neighborhood of Branston, a richer land, more highly cultivated and yet with a wildness of its own, a country of steep banks and hills, and winding roads shut in by high, luxuriant hedges. Along one of these winding roads Solomon Blanchard rode on the ensuing morning, so deeply sunk in thought that he was not aware of the approach of a large herd of cows. This was heralded by a sound like no other, made up of a variety of noises, the heavy, hurrying footfalls being accompanied by brushings of sides, clickings of horns, lowings and stampings, and crunchings as hasty mouthfuls were robbed from the hedge; nevertheless, Solomon was in such a "stud" that he failed to notice any of these things till a certain turn in the lane brought him face to face with the advancing animals. The road was narrow at this particular corner, and he drew Sparkler to one side to let the beasts go by, gazing at them critically the while.

"As fine a lot o' shartharns as ever I did see," he murmured to himself, and then his glance strayed casually to the white-clad figure which followed them. An active, well-knit figure, slender and tall, surmounted by a handsome, sunburned face with bright dark eyes that glanced quickly at the farmer. Something in the sidelong look and the flashing smile which accompanied it struck Solomon suddenly. He turned and looked after the youth, noting the firm, swinging stride so unlike the usual yokel's slouch, the carriage of the head, a certain freedom and

supleness of movement—he had noted such things often before in many a ragged figure strolling in the wake of a van or driving unbroken horses at county fairs.

"Here, hi!" he cried out impulsively.

The lad turned and came towards him.

"I d' low you'm the very chap I be lookin' for," remarked Solomon.

"Be I?" asked the other. His accent was broad, but the tone of voice pleasing enough.

The farmer thrust his hand into his pocket and produced the newspaper which he had been conning so assiduously on the previous evening, and after his forefinger had traveled diligently down a column of advertisements, found the one he was in search of, and, leaning forward, pointed it out to the lad, who looked up at him with a laugh, but made no attempt to take the paper in his hand.

"Read what's prented there," said Solomon.

"That's the *Western*, I d' low," rejoined the other. "It's in, then?"

"Dairy-chap. Man, young, active, wants place," read Solomon emphatically. "Be that you?"

Rufe Lee grinned.

"'Tis me all right, Measter," he said. "I d' low you've a-made a good guess. Be you in want of a dairy-chap then, sir?"

Solomon sat back in the saddle and eyed him keenly.

"I'm a dairy farmer, ye see," he rejoined after a pause, "and I do sell my milk wholesale. But I've been a-turnin' over summat in my mind. E-es, I've been turnin' over summat. I d' low if I can find a good milker, one as could churn *an'* separate, and

was a honest chap what could be depended on, I mid do a bit o' business i' the butter way. But it do all de-pend upon the man. When I reads this here advertisement on paper, thinks I, 'I'll go an' have a look at en.' An' now I do find ye on the road. 'Tis a bit o' luck that."

"Looks as if I was the man ye was in search of, doesn't it?" rejoined Rufe. "It do seem as if you an' me was meant to meet."

"It do," agreed the farmer. "Well, now you be a-takin' cows back to pasture, bain't ye? They've a-been milked, I see. 'Twon't do to let 'em stray about the roads. You get 'em into field an' then us'll talk."

"Tidden but just down the road," rejoined the young man. "I'll have 'em through gate in a minute."

He ran on after his cows, Solomon following leisurely, and reaching the gate of the pasture just as Rufe was making it fast.

"Now, then," said Solomon, "us can talk here so well as anywhere else. What's your rayson for givin' up the job ye have now?"

Rufe glanced at him sharply, and meeting Solomon's somewhat quizzical gaze, decided that it was best to be candid.

"The measter be a-kickin' of I out," he rejoined.

"Oh," said Solomon gravely. "What's that for?"

Rufe hesitated, and then said with a laugh:

"'Twas along o' a bit o' sweetheartin'."

"Oh," said Solomon again, apparently much surprised. "There's not much harm in sweetheartin' when it's carried on in rayson. O' course nobody 'ud like his man's thoughts to go wool-gathering about his sweetheart when he did want en to be workin'. O' course if your ewortin' did make ye idle——"

Rufe shook his head and laughed again.

"Who was the maid, then?" asked Blanchard casually.

"Measter's daughter," rejoined Rufe, and again all his white teeth showed in a smile that had in it something of triumph. "He've sent her off t'other side o' the country. She bain't to come back till I've shifted, but that won't make no odds. She'll not gl' I up no more nor I'll gl' her up. Do ye chance to live over Branston way, Measter?"

"Not so far," rejoined Solomon cautiously.

"I'd like to get over Branston side," said Rufe dreamily.

The farmer made no comment, but proceeded instead to examine him as to his attainments and powers, eliciting answers that seemed entirely satisfactory. There was something attractive about the youth to which he felt himself insensibly yielding, but he was obliged to remind himself more than once of the necessity of prudence.

"I d' low ye want to get a place Branston side along o' wishin' to be near the young 'ooman," he suggested suddenly.

"She's there, then?"

The other nodded.

"I wouldn't go for to waste my time," he said pleadingly after a pause. "I could slip out arter hours, or walk out at odd time o' a Sunday evenin' when there was nobody about."

"On the sly, I reckon," said Solomon sternly.

"Well," rejoined Rufe hotly, "if we bain't allowed to walk out straight-for'ard we'll have to do it t'other way. I'd ax no better nor to ewort her fair an' square, an' she'd ax no better, but I do 'low her Granma'll be tryin' to keep her from me same way as her Dad did do. But 'twill be no use. They'll not part us. If you don't take me, Measter, another will."

"Well," said Solomon, after rumi-

nating in silence for what seemed to the eager youth an interminable time, "I'll think it over, that's what I'll do. I'll think it over an' let ye know."

"But I mid lose another job while you'm thinkin', sir. What mid your name be, sir, if I mid ax?"

"I'll let you know tomorrow," said Solomon, ignoring the question.

"You be goin' up to our measter, I d' low?" said the other.

"No," said Solomon; "no. I'll just turn it over in my own mind."

He was beginning to back away the pony from the gateway when Rufe laid a hand upon his rein.

"I've summat to ax ye, sair," he said hesitatingly. He paused, fumbling in his pocket, and finally produced two letters. "I'd be very thankful to ye if ye'd be so good as to read me these," he said. "I didn't have much schoolin', d'yee see."

"I see," said Solomon, conscious of an inward glow of satisfaction at the rightness of his surmise. "These'll be answers to your advertisement, maybe?"

"No," rejoined Rufe, reddening. "They're from my sweetheart. I didn't like to ax anybody hereabouts to read 'em to I. I were just a-waitin' for some travelin' chap to come along the road."

Solomon, who had at first hesitated, now broke open the first envelope with great decision. It seemed to him desecration that Rosie's letters should be spelled out by any tramp or vagrant whom her lover might use as interpreter. Very artless missives they were, full of innocent ardor and grief at the separation.

Rufe listened with his eyes downcast and a smile upon his face.

"I d' low they'm nice letters," he said, as the farmer restored them to him.

"I d' low they be," said Blanchard emphatically. "It do seem a cruel

shame as thic maid do have to suffer so much."

"It do," agreed Rufe with equal heat.

"Tell 'ee what, young man," said Solomon. "If ye'll be so good as your word an' carry on your sweethearin' fair and square—no meetin's arter dark or such-like—I'll make up my mind to once. I'll take ye on as dairy-chap. Twelve shillin' a week an' live in."

As though afraid of again changing his mind, he dug his heels into the pony's sides and started down the lane at a brisk trot. But Rufe's long legs soon enabled him to overtake him.

"Bide a bit, sir," he cried breathlessly. "Ye haven't told me your name yet, nor yet where ye do bide."

"My name's Solomon Blanchard, an' I do live at the Glebe Farm, Little Bransfōn."

"Why," gasped Rufe, "'tis the very place as the maid ha' wrote from."

"Yes," agreed Solomon, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Her an' her Granma be obligin' of I at present. Well, I'll look out for 'ee on the twenty-ninth."

And with that he jerked the rein from Rufe's grip and rode swiftly away.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Solomon returned late in the afternoon he seemed—somewhat to the discomfiture of both womenfolk—more "in a stud" than ever. He scarcely spoke during the progress of his tea, which was, however, quite as substantial a one as usual, a fact which Rosie noted with some satisfaction.

She could not help connecting this sudden expedition of his with her request of the previous day, and his silence and preoccupation struck her as ominous. Had he heard some evil report of Rufe Lee? People were so fond of tittle-tattle, and there were many who, probably because they were jealous of Rufe's handsome looks and

cleverness, could never find a good word to say for him. Was it possible—could it be possible—that he had interviewed her father? He would hardly be so "treecherous" as that! And yet it seemed to her that his face wore an expression that was something like the consciousness of guilt, though, oddly enough, this appearance of confusion was more evident when Mrs. Bond spoke to him than when Rosie herself ventured upon a remark.

Perhaps after all her own chance shot had hit the mark, and, tired of the complications induced by her love affairs, he *had* gone in search of a new housekeeper, and felt at a loss as to the best manner of announcing a step which could not but seem ungracious to the old lady who had proved herself a friend in need. Or was it possible that Mrs. Hunt's wild surmise had been correct, and that Farmer Solomon, who certainly did present an unusually dapper appearance, *had* gone a-courtting. He certainly had seemed to study the *Western* with great attention, and there were always two or three advertisements under the heading "Matrimonial" in that enterprising paper which might have proved tempting in his present dilemma. Rosie viewed this hypothesis more resentfully than she had regarded either of her other suppositions.

"It would be sly of him," she said to herself. He was supposed to be such friends with her, and she had freely discussed all her affairs with him. If he had really gone marching off a-court ing without a word—

Here observing that Solomon's long, hairy forefinger was designating the butter, she passed it to him in silence, and he acknowledged the attention with a jerk of the head, after which he slowly propelled his cup for the fourth time towards Mrs. Bond, who, unable to keep silence any longer, observed as she replenished it:

"Well, 'tis to be hoped as you'll find your tongue soon, Farmer. You haven't told us nothing about what you was doin' today."

Solomon opened his mouth and looked, not at her, but Rosie. Then he shut it again, and ponderously stirred his tea.

"Oh, well," said the old lady huffily, and made as if to rise from her chair.

"Bide a bit," said Solomon. "I do want a word with 'ee presently, mum."

He buried his face in his cup, staring in a compelling way at Mrs. Bond over the brim; she resumed her seat, looking much mystified and somewhat alarmed.

Having drained the last drop so conscientiously that the grounds of the tea adhered to the inner rim of the cup, he looked again at Rosie.

"Perhaps," he said, "Miss Rosie 'ud like for to be seein' to them turkey poult—more particular," he added, "the one what was dragging its leg."

Rosie, with a flaming face, jumped up so hastily that she knocked over her chair; without stopping to pick it up, however, she rushed out of the room, banging the house door after her. Her flying figure presently passed the window.

"Well, to be sure!" exclaimed Granma. "R'aley, that girl have a temper! I must say she don't get it from the Bonds nor the Frys neither."

"She were vexed about what I did say about the turkey chick," said Blanchard seriously. "I did say it o' purpose. That there turkey chick didn't want so much seein' to; but that's neither here nor there. I do want to ax 'ee summat first, Mrs. Bond."

He gazed at her so strangely that she looked back at him with alarm. What in the world was the man going to say? Various wild theories, from the immediate advent of a new house-

keeper to a premature proposal for Rosie crossed her brain.

But when Solomon next spoke it was in an easy and conversational tone.

"I d' low, mum, when you and your good husband was a-keepin' house here ye did all sarts o' dairy work. I did hear tales o' your butter fetching biggest price in the market."

"I was always reckoned a good butter maker," conceded Granma with a sigh.

"E-es," said the farmer, rubbing his knees, "all your things be there in the milk-house yet. The wold churn an' the leads—even to the molds, I've a-got 'em all. I d' low you haven't forgot how to make butter, Mrs. Bond?"

"I don't suppose I have," said Mrs. Bond, much mystified, but gratified, too.

"Well, I've been a-thinkin'—there's a wonderful lot o' grass to-year, an' I've a lot o' young heifers comin' on wi' their first calves, an' ye don't get no price to speak on for milk when it's sold wholesale. I were wonderin' if you would have any objections to undertakin' somethin' o' that sort while you'm here," said the farmer after a diffident pause.

Mrs. Bond, eyeing him in surprise, observed that he was blushing.

"We mid come to some arrangement which mid be satisfactory to all parties—to *all* parties," he repeated, sucking in his breath.

Mrs. Bond looked at him, now thoroughly at sea, but at the same time not without a sense of complacency. Mr. Blanchard was evidently in no hurry to be rid of her. He had certainly no thought of getting a new housekeeper.

"We'd best figure it out," went on Solomon, growing redder and redder.

"Tis a bit a'k'ard, I d' low, along o' your obligin' me the way you'm doin'. It don't seem to be the thing

to offer wage to a lady same as you, what was used to rule in this place. How 'ud part profits do ye?" he asked, shooting out the words suddenly.

"Why, that 'ud do me very well," rejoined the astonished Mrs. Bond. "But will that pay you? I'm not so young as I was, Farmer."

"The very thing I was thinkin'," interrupted he. "I did say to myself, 'Tisn't to be expected as Mrs. Bond can do heavy work at her time o' life, so I must see as she has good help,' I says."

"Was you meanin' my gran'darter?" said the old woman archly, for she thought she knew how the land lay.

But Blanchard shook his head.

"No, I wasn't a-thinkin' of Miss Rosie," he said. "Leastways, I was a-thinkin' of her in a kind of a way, but not the way you'm meanin', ma'am. If Miss Rosie do like to ockipy herself wi' the butter, well an' good. I haven't forgot what you did say about there bein' nothing like butter for distractin' your thoughts. But I'd never go for to ax Miss Rosie to do rough work, lifting they heavy milk cans an' churnin' an' all sorts. 'Tis a man's work, Mrs. Bond. I be a-goin' to get a new dairy-chap."

Granma suddenly stiffened and looked at him sharply, and to gain time Solomon made a great pretense of being absorbed in the filling of his pipe. He hoped she would speak, but she did not, and at length he raised his eyes and looked her full in the face.

"No use beatin' about the bush," he said. "'Tis best to be straightfor'ard. I were thinkin' o' my own pocket, o' course, and a-thinkin' o' you, ma'am, but I'll own straight out—I'm undertakin' this new ventur' mostly for Miss Rosie's sake."

Mrs. Bond still said nothing, but she pinched up her lips and her sunken black eyes began to glitter.

"I do feel sorry for thic poor maid," went on Solomon, "tolled about here and there, with no consideration showed her. 'Tis a booman grown, Mrs. Bond, an' she've a heart in her breast, but she be treated same as if she did have no feelin'."

"Then do 'ee mean for to tell I as you be goin' for to bring Rufe Lee into thic place?" cried Granma, finding her voice at last and clapping her hands together, while her withered face blazed with anger. "You be a-goin' for to bring thic good-for-nothin' chap here to be cheek by jowl with the maid in spite of her father's wishes, an' my wishes—me what trusted ye?"

"Well," interrupted Solomon with gruff emotion, "ye bain't the only one what trusted me, Mrs. Bond. The maid do trust me, an' do look to me to be her friend."

"Tis a very poor friend ye are then, Solomon Blanchard," cried Granma wrathfully. "The chap's no fit company for her, an' 'tis not to her advantage to take up wi' such as he; an' here ye be a-throwin' 'em at each other's heads, so to speak. Reg'lar puttin' temptation in the maid's way—at least, ye would be doin' it if I was willin' to bide. But we'll soon clear out, an' so I tell 'ee. You an' your new dairy-chap can make butter by yourselves."

Here Solomon threw out a hand, having made several ineffectual attempts to reduce her to silence, but even the imperative gesture would not have arrested the flood of Granma's eloquence had she not been obliged to pause for breath.

"Now look-see, Mrs. Bond," he said. "One thing at a time. You do go so fast 'tis unpossible to keep up wi' ye. First thing ye says is I'm a poor friend to Miss Rosie. Well, I don't admit that. Best way to treat a friend is to do same as ye'd be done by, I d' low. I'm wishful for to treat her same as

I wish *I'd* been treated when I was her age. Ye'd not think, to look at me, as I were a man what ever was crossed in love. I was, though—when I was jist about same age as your gran'darter. She threw it in my face the other day. Says she: 'I d' low ye'd like *me* to be a wold maid at farty-one'—me bein' a bachelor man at farty-one, d'ye see, along o' havin' been crossed in love."

"Oh, an' did she?" said Granma, growing suddenly calm again, and inwardly considering that Mrs. Hunt's statement about the farmer's confidential attitude to Rosie was not so far wrong.

"E-es, she said that, an' it did set I thinkin'. I couldn't wish her to suffer what I did suffer, Mrs. Bond. An' another thing is I can see for myself that maid is one what knows her own mind. She be just same as me. I did know my own mind. I'd ha' stuck to the maid I was ewortin' if she'd ha' stuck to me, through thick an' thin, I would, an' Miss Rosie'll stick to her chap. 'Tidden no use for you an' her father to try to part 'em. They'll meet some road, an' 'tis best for 'em to meet open an' straightfor'ard."

"Oh, so that's your notion," said Mrs. Bond very thoughtfully.

"E-es, that's my notion," rejoined he. "I'll tell ye now, Mrs. Bond, the maid axed me to find a place for the young man wi' some o' my friends or neighbors. It 'ud give en a good start," she said. "If he'd once got a good start Dad mid think better on him." Well, ye know, I thought it over. I said to myself, 'If he do get a place anywhere near she'll be slippin' out to see him on the sly-like'—well, there, I couldn't bear the thought o' that maid gettin' maybe into cunnin' ways an' tellin' lies—her that's so straightfor'ard by nature. So I did say to myself, 'Dally!' I did say, 'I'll take the bull by the horns an' have en here.'

They can meet fair an' square an' say what they do want to say to each other, an' do a bit o' ewortin' when there's time.'—Why, whatever be laughin' at?"

For Granma had thrown herself back into her chair and suddenly exploded with mirth.

"Well, there!" she exclaimed. "I never did see sich a man. I beg your pardon for bein' so unmannery, but r'aly, I can't help but laugh. I be wonderin', Farmer, whether you'm a sammy—if you'll excuse me for sayin' so—or whether you'm jist artful."

"Artful!" thundered Solomon in great wrath.

"Well, ye've got it all planned out so nice," giggled Granma.

Thereupon Solomon relaxed, and after a moment's indecision began to chuckle too.

"Maybe I be artful," he conceded guilelessly. "They'll be bound to run straight. No runnin' out arter dark, or postin' letters on the sly, or makin' up tales as haven't a word o' truth in 'em. Thic fine maid'll be able to look we in the face, Mrs. Bond, an' we'll be glad to feel as we've done her a good turn."

"Dear heart alive!" said Granma, becoming grave again, as she pushed back her chair from the table. "If ye put it that way, I d' low I must agree, Mr. Blanchard, but I'm sure I don't know whatever Rosie's father 'ud say."

"Well, if I was you, ma'am, I'd side wi' the maid," said Solomon firmly, as he rose in his turn and took up his hat.

He went out, and Granma gazed pensively after him. Every now and then she was shaken with inward mirth. Presently she began to clear away the tea-things, and simultaneously put her hitherto unspoken thought into words.

"The maid's like me," she muttered, unconsciously imitating Solomon's tone. "'She do know her own mind"—why,

there never was a maid barn what knewed her own mind, nor a man neither!"

Meanwhile Solomon paused reflectively in the yard. It would be best, he told himself, to let Rosie hear of the impending arrival from Mrs. Bond, who would present it as a purely business arrangement and repress the girl's natural excitement. That would be best, no doubt; best and safest.

"I don't want 'em to get *too* hot," he muttered. "They can't get married till the chap's earnin' enough to keep her i' comfort. Twelve shillin' a week don't go so very far, and I must see if he's worth his salt. Best let the old lady tackle her."

But for all that his steps bent themselves in the direction of the orchard, and before he had closed the wicket gate behind him he said to himself that, after all, as he was payng the piper, he might as well call the tune. It would be worth summat to see the girl's face light up. He would tantalize her a bit first, though, as a punishment for being so tilty.

Here his face creased itself with mirthful smiles; but he quickly composed his features. No, no, it would not do to treat the matter lightly. He had undertaken a grave responsibility, and it was incumbent on him to see that the girl realized it, and fully appreciated that his chief intention in bringing about this unhoped-for realization of her wishes was to do away with all necessity for duplicity on her part, and place her engagement on a recognized and honorable footing.

Rosie was not busy with the turkey poult; she was standing by the clothes line, taking down and carefully folding the rough-dried washing, which she was placing in a neat pile on the ground. As Solomon approached she looked up defiantly.

"As you were so anxious to get me out of the house, Mr. Blanchard, I

didn't dare go back for the basket; so if ye do find a ant or a earwig in your shirts, don't blame me."

"Oh!" said the farmer, "so them's my shirts, be they?"

"Well, whose else shirts do you suppose they be?" snapped Rosie. "Wold Abel don't expect Granma and me for to wash his shirt, do he?"

"Certainly not," rejoined Blanchard with unexpected warmth. "Tis to be hoped as *no* carter or dairy-chap what mid ever be in this place would expect the like o' that!"

Somehow the idea of Rosie washing the shirts of a gippo seemed to him intolerable. And yet here he was doing his best to help this gippo to be Rosie's husband. He stood still a moment with a changing face, and the girl proceeded with her work. When she had deposited the last garment she picked up the pile and cast a half-scornful look at Solomon over her shoulder.

"I d' low I can go indoore now?" she said. "I d' low you an' Granma have finished talking secrets?"

"Wait," rejoined he, and Rosie paused, struck by a sudden sternness in his face. "Put down them things—I do want to talk to 'ee."

"Oh, dear," said Rosie, as she deposited her bundle once more on the ground.

"Maid," said Solomon fiercely, "I'll not have 'ee lookin' at me thic way."

Rosie's eyes altered in expression, changing from wrath to laughter. She was beginning to feel pleased at having so evidently annoyed her host.

"Even my eyes bain't free now," she murmured. "I mid jist so well be in prison."

"Well, of all!" exclaimed Solomon. "Well, there! Of all the provokin' maids! I'm sure I don't know why I don't wash my hands of 'ee and your spark, instead of giving myself all the trouble I do give myself about ye."

"I be pure sorry, Mr. Blanchard," rejoined Rosie with swift penitence. "I don't know when I've been so ill-tempered as I've a-been since I come here. But I'll try an' do better—I will, truly. You'm too good to I. What was it ye was a-sayin' about the trouble ye took—do ye mean as you've a-found a place for Rufe?"

"That's just what I do mean," said Solomon. And in spite of his lofty resolutions the original impulse returned. He would keep the saucy maid on tenterhooks for a while.

"There, I don't know how to thank ye," cried Rosie eagerly. "Is it a good place, Mr. Blanchard?"

"Pretty fair," said Solomon dubiously.

"Is it—is it very far from here?"

"Not so very," rejoined the farmer.

"But I'll be able to see him sometimes?" cried the girl, some of the first rapture dying out of her face.

"Now and then, now and then," answered Solomon deliberately. "I were talking to your Granma about it jist now; that's why I did ax 'ee to see to the turkeys, and I did warn her as ye didn't ought to be goin' out arter dark."

"I must say I don't think that was any o' your business, Mr. Blanchard!" cried she, firing up again.

"For, ye see, I'm responsible for bringin' him—anywheres within reach."

The last words calmed the girl again; she eyed the farmer very hard, and after a pause inquired:

"What sort o' a man is Rufe's new master?"

"Well, I d' low he's thought pretty well on by them what knows him," replied Blanchard with a judicial air. "He isn't a hard man, nor yet he isn't a soft man. I'll tell ye one thing—he isn't one as can be took in twice. He don't like no double-dealin', so 'tis to be hoped as young Rufe Lee 'ull look straight and be straight."

Rosie received this announcement in

silence, and presently stooped for her bundle again. She looked so crest-fallen as she turned towards the house that Solomon melted.

"Bide a bit, Miss Rosie," he said. "I've more to tell 'ee. Your Granma did say a day or two agone that 'twas a pity us didn't make butter here. 'Nothin' like butter,' says she, 'for takin' your mind off your troubles.' So that set I thinkin'. 'Dally,' says I, 'why shouldn't we make butter here? 'Twill maybe help to take Miss Rosie's mind off her troubles.'"

He looked at Rosie with twinkling eyes, but the girl was too much dispirited to take up the cudgels again.

"I'd as soon make butter as do anything else," she said.

"That's very well said, and I'll make it my business as the work isn't too hard for 'ee. I be a-going for to give 'ee help. I be a-goin'," said the farmer, scratching his jaw, "for to engage a new dairy-chap—in fact, I have engaged one, and 'tis to be 'oped he'll turn out well."

"It's Rufe! Oh, Mr. Blanchard!" cried Rosie, and all her neatly folded shirts fell tumbling to the ground. "Oh, I don't know what to say—I don't know how I can ever thank you!"

Her beautiful eyes were dewy and

yet shining through their tears—her soft lips quivered. The farmer stood looking at her with a complexity of emotions, the predominant one being that it was certaintaly worth while to make any human creature so happy; yet withal he was conscious of a sinking at the heart. Was Rufe Lee good enough? It was this which made him speak gravely in answer to her inarticulate raptures.

"There, my dear, I'm glad you'm pleased, and I do hope as this plan'll work well. I've been talkin' to your Granma, and I shouldn't wonder if she'd say summat to your Dad. If this young man be studdy and industrious, I don't see why you and he shouldn't meet and walk out at proper times—fair and square and straightfor'ard. I do trust 'ee to be straightfor'ard every way, and I do hope as he'll be the same."

"I promise *I'll* be straightfor'ard, Mr. Blanchard," said Rosie fervently, and then for the third time she picked up her shirts and went slowly towards the house.

"She don't promise for he, though," said Solomon, looking after her. "Dally, she's too good for any gippo," he said, as he turned at length to go towards the pasture.

(To be continued.)

AMERICA'S INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH.

BY J. D. WHELPLEY.

The United States of North America is the strongest industrial country or empire in the world. This strength is based, as it always must be, upon vast natural storehouses of raw materials. The mere fact of the possession of such supplies of raw material does not necessarily constitute strength, however, for these supplies must be translated into industrial energy to become effective and to be rightly counted as national wealth. In no other country have natural advantages been turned to account on a larger scale. The forces employed in this development have been an energetic and adventurous spirit generated in a climate favorable to action; ample opportunity for new and profitable enterprise; a constant inflow of foreign labor ready to take hold where the need was greatest, regardless of previous occupation or environment; and a vast supply of money seeking investment from other countries where the earning power of gold had greatly declined.

The area of the United States is over three and a half million miles, or thirty times that of the United Kingdom. The population is about 110 millions, and if settlement was as dense as in Western Europe the country would have a population of about 400 millions, and it probably will have in course of time as it is susceptible to an equally intensive development. The national wealth of the United States is about 50,000 million sterling or about twice as much as the whole British Empire. More coal, iron, steel, copper, silver, petroleum, maize, wheat, oats, tobacco and cotton are produced each year in America than in any other country; and as the war becomes more devastat-

ing in its effects upon the localities in which it is being fought many other staples may be added to this list. It is well to bear these few facts in mind, for they will account for many things that will happen before peace comes to the world. When the German Government so conducted itself as to induce America to cast her assets of men and materials into the scales on the side of the Allies, that Government deprived the German nation of its last hope of a compromised peace that would result in any advantage for its expenditure of blood and money.

To divert the energies of a vast and complicated industrial organization from the needs of peace to those of war takes more or less time, but when the full significance of the conversion is realized through results, it will, as the Prime Minister has suggested, "surprise the enemy." It will do more, for it will surprise even those who are to benefit therefrom.

There are actually at work today in recognized productive industries in America over fifty million people, and all the energy, power, and productivity of this great army have been turned into channels that make for the winning of the war for the Allied cause. Efficiency, cheapness, lightness, standardization, mechanical labor and large output, are the keynotes of all American manufacturing on a large scale. Even with the influx of a million immigrants a year it would not have been possible for American industry to have developed to its present state but for an inventive genius, native and imported, that was constantly urged and seldom failed to provide machinery that would take the place, not

of the man looking for work, but the man who was wanted for the work could not be had.

There are two reasons why America's industrial strength turns more slowly to war products than the American people and their Allies could now wish. One is that before April 6, 1917, there had been no call for war material to be used by the people themselves, and the other reason is that for many years past it has been drilled into the public mind that an era of peace for the world had come and that a world war was an unthinkable contingency. No such thing as military roads, strategic railways or industrial plants that could turn out war material on a few days' notice existed. Some of the greatest war inventions of the present day originated in America, but aroused no interest there as to the possibilities of their use in the future even for the defense of the country. The flying machine was looked upon as a peacetime plaything with possible commercial value; the submarine, a curious materialization of a Jules Verne dream; wireless telegraphy and telephones as aids to peaceful pursuits; and the highest usefulness conceived for barbed wire was to enclose the pastures of the Western States. To advocate a standing army was deprecated loudly as an outburst of militarism, and to expand the navy was thought to divert the taxpayers' money from the legitimate improvement of public facilities. There is no nation mentioned in history, ancient or modern, that talked or thought less of war and warlike things, or that rested so secure in the conviction that the world had reached that point in civilization when a war of any magnitude, or at least of sufficient magnitude to draw America into the vortex, was an impossibility.

When the crash came in 1914 this was the frame of mind in which Ameri-

can industry was discovered, and it took nearly three years of the great conflict and the persistent efforts of the German Government to bring the American people to a realization of the stern necessities of the hour. As soon as realized, however, there was not a moment's hesitation. The leaders of industry at once moved the hands of their indicators from "peace" to "war," and orders went forth that transformed the greatest peace organization the world has ever seen into an organization designed and operated with the single purpose of defeating the enemies of America and the Allies.

The fighting power of America is hampered in Europe by the 3,000 miles or more of water separating that country from the battlefield, and yet, on the other hand, the mere fact of this isolation leaves American industry free to develop without fear of attack. In less than a year the army has been increased from about 200,000 to nearly 2,000,000 men, the navy personnel from less than 80,000 to nearly half a million, and all these soldiers and sailors have been equipped with kit, armament and food supplies. In April, 1917, about 125 naval vessels were under construction, and now, a year later, nearly 1,000 are on the ways. Twenty great manufacturing plants are building flying machines, and army supplies have been turned out at a bewildering rate until the totals run into many millions of tons. It is estimated that every soldier sent to France means at least five tons of accompanying equipment and supplies.

It is towards the shipbuilding industry of America, therefore, that most anxious eyes have been turned and upon which effort has been concentrated. With 11,000,000 tons of shipping gone to the bottom and the large demands made by the naval forces on the merchant marine the need was imperative. Men and materials were

ready to come to Europe in unlimited numbers and quantities, but transportation had to be provided. To build ships was one of the most difficult things to ask of America, for this industry up to the year 1916 had been at a low ebb as compared with other industries, and the amount of preparation necessary for a big turnout was greater than in any other direction in the production of war material. Work was not begun as promptly as was hoped for, there was trouble "at the top," but a different story can be written of the last few months, and in America today are some of the largest ship-building yards in the world, and all crowded with vessels rapidly approaching completion. Indeed, ships are already being launched the keels of which were laid some time after the American declaration of war against Germany.

From the beginning of American participation in the war American industry has had little trouble with labor. The leaders of the great labor organizations have shown a marked and intelligent understanding of the purpose of the United States Government and the rank and file has supported them with enthusiasm. Many of the problems that affect labor unfavorably in Europe do not exist in America, hence the situation is not quite so complicated. The supply of men for the army is so great no comb-outs are necessary. There is no real shortage of food, wages are high, and the eight-hour day with its two or even three shifts for the twenty-four hours prevails in all Government work and in most private establishments. The disappearance of the Tsardom in Russia narrowed all opposition to the war among the alien population to the sympathizers with Germany and her Allies, and many of these are lukewarm or indifferent to the fate of their mother countries. The United States Govern-

ment showed unexpected firmness in dealing with alien enemies, and, backed by public sentiment, the strong hand of the Department of Justice has kept harmless all but a few, and even their activities have been reduced to the minimum. There are fewer labor disturbances and outrages upon industrial plants in America today than there were before America came into the war.

Nearly all of the great American industrial institutions have been built up not only through efficiency and modern methods, but by the aid of intelligent co-operation with the labor employed. There is less antagonism between the employer and the employed than in any other country. The principle is recognized as sound that a well-paid, well-housed and well-fed man, allowed to earn according to his individual productive power, is an invaluable asset to industry, and in the largest and most successfully operated plants this principle governs in the relations of the employer to the employed.

In the last four years the national wealth of America has increased by at least £100 per capita, and this is not due to profits on the sale of war materials, for this has only accounted for about £5 per capita including the profit made on shipments of food such as would have been made had there been no war. The war is responsible to some degree, however, for the total increase, for internal development has been intensified by reason of the disturbed condition of the rest of the world. This increase in national wealth has come from but one source and that is the legitimate development of industry.

It was a good thing for America and for the Allies that this development preceded actual participation in the war, for American industry was all the more ready and able to respond to the

demand to be made upon it when the conflict came. It meant that there was more money to be loaned to the Allies, greater facilities immediately available for war purposes, and more workers ready drilled to take their part in the great war machine at home and abroad. Any increase in wealth that may have come to the American people in the earlier days of the war in Europe through supplying the needs of the countries at war has been more than returned in money and materials during the past year.

The expansion of industry that has taken place in America in the past twenty years has exceeded anything before recorded and the whole force of this tremendous organization has been turned against the foe of civilization. As fast as alien immigration has entered the country it has been absorbed into the industrial world, and in the second generation these people are no longer aliens in spirit or in customs. Too little importance is attached to climate, food and environment in estimating the power of the American melting pot. A bracing and electric atmosphere, a full supply of nourishing food and association with a free people change the whole character of the population born of alien parents from that of their forefathers. The industrial efficiency of these people is multiplied beyond comparison with those who remain in Europe. The contrast in the productive power of the individual worker has been strikingly confirmed in the experience of one great American industrial with factories in nearly every large country in the world. This company has found that the men they employ in America can be depended upon to produce a minimum of 40 per cent more output than the men they employ abroad, and yet these men both in America and elsewhere may be of the

Land and Water.

same race and nationality at birth. Forty years ago Irishmen did the pick and shovel work of America. Today the Italians, Slavs and Levantines have taken the place of the Irish, and the latter are engaged in more skilled and better paid branches of labor. It has been so with every influx of aliens. When they first arrived they began at the bottom of the ladder, but as they came under the influence of the American climate, food, and institutions, they quickly raised themselves to a more satisfactory status, and their children, brought up or born in America, began far in advance of where their parents left off.

Fifty years ago America had to make a choice between rapid industrial development with large immigration or a very slow development and restricted immigration. The first named course was adopted. The industrial development has been more rapid than was even dreamed of and some social and political penalties have been incurred by the nation and its institutions through the great influx of foreign labor. The damage has been less than was predicted, however, for the regenerative powers of the New World were underestimated.

The fusion of a number of races has produced a new race dominated absolutely by Anglo-Saxon ideals and even still by Anglo-Saxon leaders, but broadened in its sympathies and understandings and containing within its spirit a hatred of all tyranny, a shadowy inheritance from previous generations of the oppressed. It is because of this inheritance that America is inhabited by a peace-loving nation. It is also because of this inheritance that when once convinced that liberty and democracy were threatened the nation was ready to turn the whole power of its immeasurable industrial strength against the enemy.

IDEALS OF THE SOLDIER POETS.*

BY WALFORD D. GREEN.

What are the young men thinking? The world is full of their deeds; but, as they meet each new emergency of war with grit and endurance, what hopes and beliefs are shaping in their minds about the world which has forced upon them perils and trials unparalleled? Men of our race rarely talk of their secret beliefs, and Shakespeare was very English in scorning those who allow their hearts to be pecked by daws. So was Browning in his "Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?" But we may be thankful that Shakespeare did unlock his spirit, and that we can explore the mind of Browning in his poems. Equally we may be glad that the impulse of poetry has seized upon so many British soldiers, and has allowed us some insight into the minds of those who usually conceal their thoughts and feelings and beliefs in curt and careless talk. Though war poetry is a fashion, most soldier poets write because they must, and for the most part without the vanity and conscious art which so often tease us in the men of letters. These verses of fighting men are not to be judged merely as literature, but should also help us to understand the men of the young generation which has faced with glorious gallantry its high and terrible task. We shall not extract either creed or policy from their slim booklets, so often sacred because they are the work of men dead in early youth; but we shall see glimpses of the visions that called them to action and sacrifice, and of the faith and

hope that strengthened them to endure. It was on a generation with no very fixed religious or political ideals, the more seriously interested chiefly in experimental science or theoretical socialism, some sated with life before life was known, and finding amusement in fastidious and fantastic art, others thinking themselves decadent and the world a squeezed orange, that the call of war suddenly burst. Every young man knew at once that death was near, and that life was very sweet. The old common questions became urgent. Patriotism had been an essay-subject, but now came the instant inquiry, "What is this England; is it something for which a man must be willing to die?" Nationalism had been broadening out into nebulous humanitarianism. There was no hatred against any nation in the youth of 1914, no sense of injustice had led them to prepare for an expected struggle, and, if some believed that England's sea power was about to be challenged, and that she might be involved in a great war, none thought that her whole manhood would be called to arms. The summons was unanticipated and dread enough, but the answer was clear. A young poet expressed the realized or unrealized thought of his fellows

Now God be thanked who has matched
us with His hour

And caught our youth, and wakened
us from sleeping.

Honor has come back, as a king, to
earth!

Rupert Brooke had been very typical of the pre-war days in his rather uncanny cleverness and the freeness of his mind, and he well illustrates how

**The Muse in Arms*. Edited by E. B. Osborn. Murray. 6s. net.
Soldier Poets: Songs of the Fighting Men. Erskine Macdonald. 1s. 6d. net.
More Songs by the Fighting Men. Erskine Macdonald. 1s. 6d. net.

this war, unlike all others, appealed specially in its first period to the intellectual and to the idealist.

It has been said that there never was an army so conscious of ideals, and so able to express them, as the new army of Britain. An exception might be made of Cromwell's army, which was very confident that its principles were divine, and expressed them at length, though by sermons and pamphlets rather than by poetry. Certainly Kitchener's army contained many who by nature would have followed lives of peaceful intellectual activity, who had to sacrifice not only life or home or wealth, but also those labors of the mind which enchain a man as securely as any earthly ties. If Gibbon had gone into action as colonel of the Hampshire militia, his chief fear would have been for his unfinished book. *Qualis artifex pereo* need be no mean boast. There is no better illustration of the intellectual temperament in the soldier than the little volume *Comrades* by Alexander Robertson, who was History Professor at Sheffield, enlisted as a private in the first month of the war, fought at Gallipoli, and has been missing in France since 1916. To him the war was "the challenge suddenly thrown, by the great process of Being," and he fought as one "aware that the soul, Lives as a part and alone for the weal of the whole." Looking back on battle he saw

The faces of our foes, a lust to kill
Expressing, past the individual will,
Impersonal, inspired, as if some Power
Stripped them of separate being for the
hour,

Made them to pity as to danger blind,
Even as ourselves it made, our human
kind

Debasement to an instrument to slay
Man and his hopes.

Yet he could write tenderly on the pictures and prayerbook of a dead Ger-

man soldier, under the title, "Thou shalt love thine enemies."

When Englishmen of the future search back into the records of this war they will find in Julian Grenfell a gallant gentleman worthy to be set by the side of Sir Philip Sidney himself. "He stood for something very precious to me," wrote his friend, Charles Lister, "for an England of my dreams, made of honest, brave, and tender men; his life and death have surely done something towards the realization of that England." He was of the old army, a soldier by profession and instinct, a man of superb physical strength and skill and art, who loved the excitement of war so keenly that he wrote that he "would not be anywhere else for a million pounds and the Queen of Sheba," and yet he showed constantly deep tenderness of heart. "He was rather Franciscan in his love of all things that are, in his absence of fear of all God's creatures—death included." Between wounding and death he had to pass eleven days of agony. "During all those eleven days when he lay there he prayed, probably unaware that he often spoke aloud. The psalms and hymns of his childhood were said to him; that was what he liked." No word of unhappiness escaped him. He wrote one perfect poem, "Into Battle," a week or two before he fought his last fight. It is already too well known to quote, but no soldier ever expressed so well the strength which imagination can draw from all things on earth, from sun and stars and birds and trees, and from the faith that it is the Destined Will that allots death or life in battle as in peace. "Mysticism and idealism," wrote his brother, "underlay Julian's war-whooping, sun-bathing, fearless exterior." The memorial essay by Miss Viola Meynell is a true manual for heroes.

Mr. Wyndham Tennant died very

young, but *Worple Flit and Other Poems* show that he possessed an ear for melody, a mind quick in original fancy, an eye that could pick out the flowers or trees or stretches of water which, when told again in verse, bring a true picture before the reader's sight. It is hard to believe that so lovely a piece as "Home Thoughts in Laventie" will not appear in future anthologies of English poetry. The theme is that many-times-repeated one of the contrast between the vile realities of war and the remembered beauties of England.

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place,
Dancing with a measured step from
wrecked and shattered towns
Away . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courtin' on the leas;
And meadows with their glittering
streams, and silver scurrying dace,
Home—what a perfect place!

Mr. Tennant's last letter to his mother has been printed, and it is very characteristic of the thoughts and memories that stimulate a young soldier of fighting race, who only left Winchester two years before he was killed in action. "I am full of hope and trust, and I pray that I may be worthy of all my fighting ancestors. . . . The spirit of the Brigade of Guards will carry all resistance before it. O darling Muth', the pride of being in such a great regiment! The thought that all those old men, 'late Grenadier Guards,' who sit in London clubs discussing their symptoms, are thinking and hoping about what we are doing here! I have never been prouder of anything, except your love for me, than I am of being a Grenadier."

Mr. F. W. Harvey has published two volumes of short poems, the second written while he was a prisoner of war at Gütersloh. The loveliness of Gloucestershire country has crept into many of his verses, as into the often-quoted lines—

Within my heart I safely keep,
England, what things are yours:
Your clouds, and cloud-like flocks of
sheep

That drift o'er windy moors.

His is a mind of various moods, and whether his experience be joyful or tragic he, as he says himself, "twists it all to verse." In a sonnet to a friend killed in action he writes—

Half-boy, half decadent, always my
eyes

Sparkle to danger: Oh, it was joy
to me

To sit with Death and gamble des-
perately

The borrowed Coin of Life. But you,
more wise,

Went forth for nothing but to do
God's will:

Went gravely out—well knowing what
you did

And hating it—with feet that did not
falter

To place your gift upon the highest
altar.

How well that distinguishes the in-
stinctive from the reflective soldier! But Mr. Harvey is himself a proof that the two types may be combined in one personality. In another poem he de-
scribes a vision of Christ visiting him as he lies wounded and asking what he would do if life could be given again to him.

"No use to talk when life is done," I
say,

"But, by the living God, if He should
grant me life I'd live it
Kinder to man, truer to God each
day."

We may be sure that in course of

time the emotions of the airmen will be remembered in tranquillity, and fine poems should come from them. Two young flying officers, Mr. Gordon Alchin and Mr. Paul Bewsher, have already won reputation by their verse, and these stanzas from Mr. Bewsher's "The Dawn Patrol" give us a foretaste of the poetry that will come from the new element.

The fresh, cold wind of dawn blows on
my face
As in the sun's raw heart I swiftly fly,
And watch the seas glide by.
Scarce human seem I, moving through
the skies,
And far removed from warlike enter-
prise—
Like some great gull on high
Whose white and gleaming wings beat
on through space.
Then do I feel with God quite, quite
alone,
High in the virgin morn, so white and
still
And free from human ill:
My prayers transcend my feeble earth-
bound plaints—
As though I sang among the happy
Saints
With many a holy thrill—
As though the glowing sun were God's
bright Throne.

Of the thoughts and themes which constantly recur in these poems the most noticeable are love of the people and scenes at home, and of that idealized and emotionalized conception which men call their country; the conviction that God has confronted each man with a searching test, and that either he must offer his whole self or lose his own soul; the sense of human comradeship realized as it only can be when perils and miseries are shared in common; the belief, instinctive and unshaken, that the war is a reply to the challenge of brute force, a defense not merely of England, but of whatsoever things are lovely and of good report; a hatred of war in itself, which does

not exclude exhilaration in "the fighting excitement which vitalizes everything," to use Julian Grenfell's phrase; and finally a clear, cool, almost unemotional commerce with the last enemy, death. Equally interesting is it to note what is, generally speaking, absent from these poems. The dogmas of Church and creed receive little direct expression, though many poems recall the Divine Sacrifice or the Holy Eucharist which perpetuates it, and if dogma is absent Christian morality has penetrated these soldier poets through and through. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" is the question that has led them to their valiant response. We find little or no political theory or revolutionary idealism. When we remember Coleridge or Wordsworth in their ardent youth, or Byron and Shelley in their poetry of revolt, it is striking to find these young men writing almost always from the standpoint of individual duty and individual resistance. Scant reference is made to the League of Nations, or to the vague beneficences of the Russian revolution, though we find again and again the hope of a fairer world. The British are a race of individualists, and the universal ideas of the English-speaking peoples have been formulated by President Wilson and Mr. Asquith rather than by the poets who have fought "for their great craft's honor" in the trenches. Noteworthy also is the absence of hate-songs. Probably the sense of humor accounts generally for this, but it is also in part due to a kind of serene national pride. The British soldier might alter Landor's famous line into "I hated none, for none was worth my hate." There are many signs of sympathy with the enemy when he is in distress, and occasional signs of the community of feeling which binds together all fighting men. Mr. Herbert Asquith has written a fine ringing

poem called "The Western Line," which ends:

The fighting men go charging past
With the battle in their eyes,
The fighting men go reeling past,
Like gods in poor disguise:
The glorious men whom none will see,
No wife or mother more,
Winged with the wings of Victory,
And helmeted by Thor!
Above the cloud what lights are gleaming?
God's batteries are those,
Or souls of soldiers homeward streaming
To banquet with their foes?

Very finely in this battle piece he imagines Harry of England and his archers in the van, and the shade of Napoleon seen by the French.

Has the strain of the long war weakened the eagerness and exuberance and enthusiasm which marked the poetry of the first months? Some change of feeling and outlook can be perceived. The horrors of war have been experienced, and many young poets have sought to express them in verse. Again and again they picture the dead, the desolate destruction which they have seen, and cry out against the madness which has brought this ruin on the earth. They have seen their friends fall, and know the actual bitterness of the struggle, which could not be foreseen in 1914. Naturally the soldier today tries rather to write down what he sees, and to steel his will, than to repeat those earlier utterances of faith and hope. The verses by Mr. Robert Nicholls, called "The Assault," are a marvelously realistic description of an attack, and of the whirling sensations which almost overwhelm the imaginative soldier. No wonder the cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" is often echoed, sometimes in moods of passionate revolt, but there is no sign of any weakening or sapping away of resolve. Compare for instance Rupert

Brooke's noble sonnets called 1914 with those called 1917 written by Private Ivor Gurney and dedicated to Brooke's memory. The earlier poems are classical in their restraint, they greet the challenge of war with a proud joy, almost with a peaceful serenity, they celebrate death in stately and high tragic phrase. The later poems are concerned with pain and servitude.

Pain, pain continual; pain unending;
Hard even to the roughest, but to those
Hungry for beauty. . . . Not the
wisest knows

Nor most pitiful-hearted, what the
wending

Of one hour's way meant.

But in both poets the passionate love
of England is the over-ruling law.

We have done our utmost, England,
terrible
And dear taskmistress, darling Mother
and stern.

Among the poets who questioned the decrees of fate was Leslie Coulson. "Who made the Law that death should stalk the villages?" he asked. He wrote a remarkable poem called "The God Who Waits." In it he compared the simple ways and faith of the old men in the olden days with the feelings of those "not born to anchored creed." His conclusion is at least a manly one.

For though old creeds, had we the will,
We cannot, lacking faith, fulfil,
The God above all creeds waits still.
For still beyond the city gate,
The fallow fields eternal wait
For us to drive our furrow straight.

Many of these young writers, it may be noted in passing, owe some of their inspiration either to Matthew Arnold's reflective poems or to Laurence Housman's "A Shropshire Lad."

Most of the soldier poets who have appeared in book form seem to have been public school or university men, and their verses often prove how

strong an incentive to fine action the memories of school and college may be. But it would be interesting if we had more verse written by men belonging to the more numerous classes which have provided so many of the best officers and men in the new army. One such was Sergt. J. W. Streets, before the war a Derbyshire miner, who was reported wounded and missing in July, 1916. He wrote, "We soldiers have our views of life to express, though the boom of death is in our ears. We try to convey something of what we feel in this great conflict to those who think of us, and sometimes, alas! mourn our loss. We desire to let them know that in the midst of our keenest sadness for the joy of life we leave behind, we go to meet death grim-lipped, clear-eyed and resolute-hearted." His life worthily proved the truth of the proud lines in which he stated the same thought:

Life's highest product, youth, exults in
Life;
We are Olympian gods in consciousness;
Mortality to us is sweet, yet less
We value Ease when Honor sounds the
strife.
Lovers of life, we pledge thee
Liberty,
And go to death calmly, triumphantly.

Liberty is the ideal celebrated again and again in his verse, and he is one of the few soldiers who have set forth any abstract cause.

Coming back to the men of academic training, a typical example of high thought and action is Mr. R. E. Verne. He was of St. Paul's and Oxford, and a friend says that he hated war and loved the things which war destroys. Yet he enlisted at the beginning, though over age, and proved a zealous and successful soldier till his death in April, 1917. Mr. Chesterton, who was at school with him, says, "In the lines called 'Before the Assault,' perhaps the finest of his poems,

he showed how clear a vision he carried with him of the meaning of all this agony and the mystery of his own death." No printed controversy or political eloquence could put more logically, let alone more poetically, the higher pacifism which is now resolute to dry up at the fountain-head the bitter waters of the dynastic wars, than the four lines that run:

Then to our children there shall be no
handing
Of fates so vain, of passions so
abhor'd . . .
But Peace . . . the Peace which
passeth understanding . . .
Not in our time . . . but in
their time, O Lord.

Other poems by this scholarly writer, who loved dreams and his garden, show how he valued the comradeship of the army, and the valor, humor and loyalty of the many types within its ranks. The same feeling is strongly expressed by Mr. W. N. Hodgson, son of the Bishop of St. Edmondsbury, some of whose lines gave promise of fine poetry, if his powers had matured. His best poem, "Before Action," is well known, and in another, "Back to Rest," the last verse shows how those who have seen men pass through the furnace of battle, and conquer agony itself, realize the greatness of humanity when it is most sorely tested.

We that have seen the strongest
Cry like a beaten child,
The sanest eyes unholy,
The cleanest hands defiled;
We that have known the heart blood
Less than the lees of wine,
We that have seen men broken,
We know man is divine.

There is the paradox of war: the scientist devising all the deviltry of destruction, and man going of his own will into the midst of it, and emerging broken, perhaps, but divine.

To read these young poets is no mere

literary delight; rather it is to commune with valiant and proved spirits, to walk in the fields of honor, to mourn that so many who might have spread light, joy and virtue around them have passed from our present sight, and yet to rejoice that England, ancient mother of poets and fighters, has brought forth a breed worthy of herself, and fought in a cause that has led her sons to sing as well as die. This rebirth of poetry in our men of action bodes well for the future. Materialism and the sluggish,

The London Quarterly Review.

indifferent brain are the enemies we fear, and against these foes it is the poet who sounds the clearest trumpet call. As for the tragic cloud of death which overhangs so many nations, let us recall the words of C. H. Sorley, one of the earliest and most thoughtful of our soldier poets:

Death is not Life effete,
Life crushed, the broken pail. We who
have seen
So marvelous things know well the end
not yet.

NO. S/1035 RIFLEMAN JONES, W.

By R. C. T.

This story has no plot. It is merely a bald recital of a few plain facts. I do not know even if they are interesting to others, though they interested me. The facts concern No. S/1035 Rifleman Jones, W.

Rifleman Jones, W. was a grocer at the beginning of the war, and just as unimportant a unit in the great band of grocers as he was unimportant in the band of men massed together as the British Army. He had been an assistant in a branch of the Co-operative Stores, and in May, 1914, left them and launched out on his own in a tiny little shop at Wandsworth Common. Also in the same month he had married Mary Moyes, whose father was a small leather merchant and a local preacher at the Wesleyan chapel at Upper Tooting. These facts I learned at odd times as his company commander.

I think there was something fine in his action when he joined the Army in September, 1914, for war was extraordinarily foreign to his nature. Not the most distant relative of his had ever been in the Army, and he had never felt any magnetic force drawing

him in peace time to the Territorials or the local Rifle Club. He was simply a grocer through and through, with a vision in his mind of a rather larger shop, and a fondness for haddock with his tea, and literary tastes which included *John Bull*, *Home Chat* and the *Novel Magazine*. He boasted the possession of a motor-cycle and a side-car, in which he took his wife for "spins" on early-closing days. He was twenty-nine years of age and very fond of his little wife.

Why, then, he joined the Army so early, I do not know. He had everything to lose by so doing. His newly-started business had to be carried on by a somewhat incompetent uncle, who had retired from the grocery trade ten years previously; he had to leave his wife, to whom he had been married but three months, and he had to exchange his comfortable home for the very great discomforts of an unduly swollen reserve battalion, hurriedly mobilized and rushed down to the war station on the coast at the beginning of the war. From Mr. Jones he suddenly became No. S/1035 Rifleman

Jones, W., with only one blanket, no uniform, badly fitting Army boots, and rough and not always too well cooked food. He slept with a thousand others on racks in a huge tannery, where in peace times hides were laid before undergoing their various processes. Next to the tannery was a glue factory. Each day cartloads of horse bones with decayed flesh still adhering to them were carried hither, and the odor—Rifleman Jones was a polite man and called smells odors—was frankly terrific. It lived in his greatcoat, his Army blankets; it seasoned the mid-day stew.

Not the most indulgent of sergeant-instructors or platoon officers could have called Rifleman Jones quick at his drill. The "brisk-shouted" and scarcely intelligible words of command frightened or numbed him, and in turning to the right or inclining to the left he was by nature the fraction of a second late. When he tried to be absolutely up to time, so to speak, he was invariably a fraction of a second too soon. His attempt at a salute was awful, and a couple of months passed before he forgot to salute with his hand when carrying a rifle. But he bought a book called "Drill Made Easy," studied it hard, and became only the more befogged and bewildered. The company sergeant-major, who liked the little man, said to the captain, with a certain contradiction in his words:

"Rifleman Jones will never make a rifleman, sir; it isn't in him."

"No," said the captain; "I know that, Sergeant-major. But he will go to the Front all right. We have got to impress the Allies with our numbers, you know."

The sergeant-major did know, and the captain's words were true. Early in November, 1914, Jones had done his musketry; had occasionally hit his own target and as frequently the tar-

gets on either side of it, and the next day was given his final leave preparatory to joining the Expeditionary Force.

He arrived home at the shop in Wandsworth Common and passed four days of undiluted happiness. The current number of *John Bull* was on the table for him to read; he had haddock each night to his tea; and if his puttees were not very cleverly rolled and the slouch in his walk not entirely eliminated, nevertheless the improvement in his physique and carriage was noticeable. Mary, his wife, loved and was proud of him; and even his surly old uncle, who had taken on the charge of the shop on the basis of half profits, and was doing well on it, remarked:

"The Army is making a man of you, William. You stick to it, my lad." As William had no alternative to sticking to it, the advice was somewhat superfluous, though it didn't prevent the rifleman glancing longingly at the packets of Reckitt's blue and the yellow mound of margarine, and wishing he were back among it all.

Ten days later he found himself at a base camp in France. Base camps in those days were not the health resorts they are now. There were no flower gardens, cinema shows and metalled roads with grass at the sides. Instead, William found himself in December—and a cold, wet December, too—in a camp pitched on a ploughed field, which had long ago been trodden into a foot-deep pasty mud. Sixteen men were in his tent, which was blown over on two occasions by a hurricane of rain and wind. Here he existed for a week—miserable, entirely lost in his surroundings, hungry and chilled. He did not understand at all why men went to war; but when at 2 o'clock one morning he found himself one of a draft of 700 men proceeding to various battalions at the Front, he thought on the whole he was glad. No doubt the

trenches were worse than the camp, but at any rate they were different.

A day's journey in a railway wagon holding forty, and he was at Railhead. Another few hours, and he had joined his battalion in billets and was posted to a company.

It is not necessary to describe William's life in the trenches. He preferred it to the base camp, but he still did not comprehend war. At first he imagined every bullet was personally directed at him and ducked his head about once every half-minute. Then he decided that some of the shots must be meant for other people, and grew brave. He found life in some ways easier than he had expected; and the fact that you had not to form fours in the trenches, nor remember if you were a blank file, was a relief to him.

Shells, however, he loathed and never got accustomed to. He hated his own guns almost as much as the Germans'. The noise of the nightly strafes, the deliberate whizzing journey the big shells took through the air, terrified him. He saw death first when a German field gun burst a shell over his section as they were coming out of the trenches one day. Two men were killed and four wounded. One of the men who died lived for ten minutes with a stomach wound. Stomach wounds are not pleasant and cause intense pain. Rifleman Jones, W. was very glad when his comrade died; but he did not understand why God had decided that he should live those previous ten minutes. Why couldn't he have died at once? He wondered if the Rev. E. Cusnoch of the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel in Wandsworth Common could have told him. He suspected that he would have tried to explain instead of saying frankly that he did not know.

He liked his company commander, his platoon officer, his company ser-

geant-major and his platoon sergeant. Sometimes the non-coms. made sarcastic remarks to him, and his fellow riflemen chaffed him a little cruelly; but that he expected, and had received ever since he came into the Army. He knew quite well he was not a soldier—even though he did wear a uniform, carry a heavy pack and eat plum-and-apple jam.

When his platoon officer's servant was killed, the officer asked Rifleman Jones if he would like to take his place. It was a generous thought of the officer—a youngster of nineteen, who had left Winchester in August, and within a few months was commanding thirty men in the trenches in Flanders. He did not imagine that William could conceivably be a good servant, but he interested him, and he saw how unsuited he was for the ordinary rifleman's job. To his great surprise, and to his admiration, too, William asked if he might refuse. The company sergeant-major stood stiffly at attention while Rifleman Jones, W. made his little speech to the officer: "It isn't that I don't appreciate the honor you are doing me, sir," he said in his precise, matter-of-fact tones; "I do, indeed. But the truth is, sir, I would not be a satisfactory servant to you at all. I am not naturally tidy, sir. I try to be, but—I'm perhaps a little clumsy. I couldn't make your bed comfortably in billets, and I would continually be forgetting where I put things, or losing them. My wife, Mary, sir, often laughs at me for my forgetfulness: says she has to remember for the two of us, or she doesn't know how the household would carry on."

Young Francis, the officer, and the sergeant-major did not smile at the domestic revelations of the Jones *ménage*, but it was obvious that Rifleman Jones was fixed in his determination, and he returned to the trenches to fill sand-

bags and sharpen stakes for the night-working parties.

Thus he lived for the next two months. The chaffing of his comrades died down and they gave him a nickname instead. Sniper Bill, they called him, because it was as likely that he should be chosen to go into the sniper pits as that he should be chosen to command the battalion. He did not do much talking; but he wrote many letters to Mary, which gave her little news of himself, but showed where his thoughts were all the time. Here is one of them, which might serve as a type of all:

Dear Mary,—Thank you very much for your two letters and the parcel of groceries which arrived safely. The boys made short work of them. I almost missed getting any of the sardines myself, and the potted ham we spread on the army button biscuits and they went down like a bit of all right. The boys drank your health in the ration rum next morning. I don't like rum myself.

You ask me how the War is going on. It seems to be doing all right. I expect the Bosche is fed up by now. [This was in January, 1915.] Nothing much is happening here. It is very cold and I haven't had my clothes off for six days. When we go into billets they give us baths in a brewery. Fourteen of us in a vat, and we get clean underclothes served out to us. Want them too. I am glad you got that new hat and that Mr. Cusnock gave you a good sermon last Sunday. All the same he might as well be out here. He's two years younger than me and he would preach far better sermons if he had been in the trenches for a bit.

I'm glad you are well, and you mustn't worry about me. I wonder if you will have a surprise for me soon. From something in your letter I half believe you will. My, Mary, that would be fine!

Keep on sending *John Bull* and the bulls'-eyes. I got the *Methodist Re-*

corder, too, but somehow it does not seem real. When I come home see that you have a haddock for my tea.

Best love from

Your husband,
Bill.

By no stretch of imagination can that be called an interesting letter, either from a military or a psychological point of view. But, then, Rifleman Jones, W. was not an interesting man.

As the week wore on, he developed rather a nasty cough and his feet began to hurt him a little, though he rubbed them religiously with whale oil and put on clean socks whenever he got the chance. In one of his company's trenches the water was two feet deep, and he had to stand in it for hours on end. When it was his section's turn to occupy that portion of trench, the men used to swear hard. William did not swear, but felt miserable instead. It does not much matter which you do.

Then, on February 13, the enemy, for some unknown reason, chose to pick out his sector for a fairly heavy bombardment. It was beastly, especially for Rifleman Jones, W., who, as I have said, always felt frightened by shelling. They started at eight in the morning with a registering shot or two, and then an hour later sent a couple of hundred shells over—big and little. Their shooting was remarkably good: four traverses were blown in, and a couple of dugouts, and ten men in William's platoon killed or wounded. There was nothing to be done but sit in a dugout and hope it would soon be over. William had been told the day before by his platoon sergeant—who had been told by his platoon officer, who had been told by the Colonel, who had been—, and so up to the Army Headquarters—that the Germans could not get any copper, and were very short of shells. While he was in the dugout, clumsily helping to

bind up wounds with field dressings, he found himself vaguely wondering why the Germans, who were so short of shells, should choose to waste them on his unimportant bit of trench. It seemed silly.

At a quarter to ten the shelling stopped; but the last shell of all had a special mission. It was a 5.9 high explosive, burst ten yards away, and caused the dugout, where were William, a wounded and groaning man, and three others of his section, to fall in and bury them all.

A minute or two later they were dug out. The wounded man was dead. William finally came to the conclusion that he himself was not. Dimly he saw his platoon officer bending over him, and heard him say:

"Why, it's 1035 Jones! Hurt, Jones?"

William dug dirt out of his eyes, nose and mouth and answered:

"No, sir, I don't think so. But I hate those shells. They ain't fair, sir."

Francis, the officer, suddenly frowned. "No, I'm damned if they are!" he said. Our guns had not put one over in reply. "Anyhow, they aren't sporting. War isn't, nowadays."

He looked hard at the grotesque little figure in front of him—a mass of dirt, hatless, and his clothes torn. Then he suddenly saw blood mingling with the dirt, and exclaimed:

"You're sure you're not hit, Jones?"

Rifleman Jones looked down, saw the blood, and became aware that his arm was throbbing and tingling. As a matter of fact, he had been at the mouth of the dugout, and a piece of the shell, hurtling past, had caught the fleshy part of his arm on its journey. Underneath the dirt his face paled, but there was a look of intense eagerness in his eyes, as he said:

"I haven't got a blighty?—I haven't, have I, sir?"

.

That same night he was in a hospital train on the way to the base, and the reaction had set in. He was shaking all over, and in the odd snatches of sleep which he got—his arm was not very painful—he kept on hearing in his dreams the shells coming over again and bursting with a terrific crash just above him. A half-dozen times he wakened with a start, and found himself mercifully in the stretcher-bed, perspiring and shivering. Men around him were groaning and swearing, and one boy, just opposite to him, who could not possibly have been more than eighteen years of age, muttered continually, "Oh, dear, oh, dear!" very wearily, and then quite suddenly gave a little gasp, a gurgle, and died.

Rifleman Jones, W., by quick stages, found himself in a hospital in a southern watering place, and spent there three wonderful weeks. His wound took longer to heal than might have been expected—shell wounds often do; but he was never really bad, and after a week in bed was able to be up and to go about the grounds of the hospital with his arm in a sling. Mary came from Wandsworth, and took a room in a house a couple of hundred yards away from the hospital, and she and Bill used to spend splendid long afternoons together. She was very, very proud of him and his wounded arm, and he was very, very proud of her, because she was rather pretty and because—well, because, in a very short time, she was going to give birth to a child.

At the end of his stay in hospital he was given ten days' sick leave, and Mary and he went back home. The baby was to be expected in about a week, and Rifleman Jones was anxious, unutterably anxious, that the event should happen before the sick leave expired. It did not. The ten days were

up and he returned mechanically to his reserve battalion at the same dirty, evil-smelling old building. He did not think of writing to get an extension of leave, being one of those men whom Army procedure frightens. He remembered, too, the lectures the company sergeant-major had delivered to his batch of recruits on the dire results following the overstaying of a pass.

A few of the old men and many of the non-commissioned officers were still with the battalion when he returned. Some, like him, who had been wounded, were also back again. Once again he found himself doing company drill and forming fours and route marching. His feet hurt him—I have mentioned they had begun to do so in the trenches—but he did not report sick. “They aren’t bad enough for that,” he told Mary in a letter. He was still as stupid as ever at his close-order drill and musketry, and the sergeants used to laugh over him in the privacy of the sergeants’ mess.

“Quaintest soldier I’ve ever seen,” one of them summed him up; “and in a month or so he’ll be out at the Front again.”

That was quite a safe prophecy, and proved itself true. The regular battalions supplied by the reserve had suffered heavy and constant casualties, and drafts were hard to find. Rifleman Jones had another short leave before being included in one of them, and rushed to Wandsworth to see Mary, and for the first time that most marvelous thing—a man’s first child. He took the quaint little morsel from its mother’s arms, grasped it clumsily in his own, blushed—he knew not why—and after a minute’s confused silence, made the pregnant remark:

“My, Mary, you are a wunner!”

Ten days later, he was parading with eighty other men on a sodden parade

ground as a draft to proceed overseas to the regiment’s third battalion. They were inspected by their brigadier-general—a tall taciturn man with prominent teeth and an Indian complexion—who was followed by a brigade major, the colonel, adjutant and quartermaster of the battalion, and, ten paces in the rear, by the chaplain, who distributed a little book to each man entitled “For Those Fighting for Their King and Country.” Each man mumbled out a sort of thanks as the chaplain smiled and gave him the book. Then it was shoved into the haversack where reposed already the ration for the journey and the packet of Woodbines sent by the colonel’s little daughter of seven.

Most of the men of the draft were going out for the first time, and Rifleman Jones suddenly found himself a person of importance—one to be appealed to and questioned as to what to do, and what not to do. He did not like the rôle, and passed it on to others more willing to talk. One boy, however, would not be refused, and plied him with questions merrily. He came from Hertfordshire, and had the complexion of a girl, and great big wondering eyes.

“I’m mighty lucky to get out with this lot,” he said. “Only just old enough last Friday. It isn’t many of my age as gets the chance, is it?”

“Some do,” said Rifleman Jones, thinking of the child who had died in the opposite stretcher to him in the hospital train.

“Aye, some, but not so many. And I’m just about sick of that stupid old tannery, and them adjutant’s parades, and cook-house fatigues.”

“They are a bit tiring,” his companion commented.

The boy gave a pull at his Woodbine and thought a second or two. “I say,” he said, “shall I be in a bloomin’ funk when I get into the trenches?”

A queer feeling came into Rifleman Jones's stomach. He felt sick. He was a person of no imagination, but this was merely a case of looking back. He had tried ever so hard not to think of the trenches. He had told himself he would not—not till he got into them again. If he started thinking—and God knew, God was the only person who did—how he hated the thought of going back to all the beastliness. Perhaps Mary guessed, for Mary knew him about as well as God did. But he had tried to keep his feelings back from her, and if he had kissed her and the baby a bit hard when he said goodby, and had walked so quickly to the corner of the street from the house that his puttee had come undone, he had not broken down, and she could not properly have noticed what he felt.

The boy did not wait for an answer, but went on :

"Them machine guns must be rummy things; but I've heard them on the range. It's them shells as'll puzzle me. I say, does the others laugh at you if you duck yer head first time or two?"

Rifleman Jones would have given all he had on him—his money, his rations, the Woodbines, and the chaplain's little book—for the boy to stop talking. He wanted to shriek out: "Don't talk to me of the shells! I don't want to remember them! They're cruel and beastly and ugly and unfair, that's what they are!" Instead of which he passed his fingers over a pair of rather dry lips and said:

"Don't you worry about them. You'll not mind them—not after a day or two. Most of them just stirs up the mud. A waste of money, that's what I call them."

The train drew up at a station, and he shoved his head out of the window, whistled a newspaper boy to him, and purchased the current number of *John Bull*. He read hard for the rest of the journey.

It was summertime now, and France was a different-looking place to him. The base camp was much more comfortable—there was not the same confusion, and the soldiers seemed of better class. If Jones had not known perfectly well what he was going out to he might almost have enjoyed himself. The newcomers were as cheerful as crickets. They sang and cracked jokes with the peasants near the camp, they grudged every day they spent at the base, and cheered when they were included in the next draft for "up the line." When Jones's turn came, and the sergeant-major warned him to be ready to start the following morning, his face paled for a second or two. The sergeant-major noticed it, but said nothing. He himself had been through his own particular little corner of hell and understood. He seemed almost sorry that Jones had to go.

"You've been out before?" he said.

"Yes," said Rifleman Jones. The sergeant-major glanced over at the group of men who were laughing and joking at the gas helmets that had been issued out to them.

"Those children haven't," he remarked. And then added, after a pause: "Still, I'd rather have 'em take it like that. Time enough for the other thing."

Rifleman Jones did not do much talking in the train going up the line. He just looked out of the carriage window and gazed at the beautiful fields of France. He did not know precisely why he personally was fighting in this war, but he thought he understood why all the Frenchmen were. They did not want the Germans rushing their ugly field guns over the clover and corn, nor the Prussian soldiers shoving their way into the farmhouses where the French women were. The French people were not fighting for Belgium or civilization or the sanctity of treaties; they were simply fighting

for that little farmhouse on the slope of the chalky hill and for the fat, smiling woman washing clothes in the stream, who ceased her work momentarily to call something out and wave her hand to the soldiers in the train. You understand that Rifleman Jones was qualifying rapidly to write an article in the *Historical Review* on "The Origin of All Wars."

At Haazebruck, Rifleman Jones heard once again the sound of the guns. It was only a dull boom from the distance, causing a delighted excitement to the newcomers, but bringing to Jones nothing but an ugly remembrance. He recalled a sentence he had read in a halfpenny newspaper, in an obituary notice of Lord Roberts: "And so died the hero, within the sound of the guns he loved so well." He supposed it was true, but he did not understand how anyone could love the guns or the sound of them even—anyone who had seen the wounds their shells made or the look on men's faces who had been hit by them.

The Ypres salient swallowed Jones after that for a few months, and beastly months they were. He got to know many trenches—Pip 19 and Emma 33 and F 21 and Deansgate and Canal Bank. All of them were beastly, but some beastlier than others. The Germans held the high ground all round, and the shelling was daily and very heavy. Twice Jones went through an intense bombardment and emerged by some chance unhurt. The experience was awful; but, luckily, Nature revolted, as it does with many, and after the first half hour of such bombardments, a coma came upon him and his nerves refused to receive longer any sensation.

The trenches were no better than when he had been out before, and he was not surprised at that from the shelling they received. Once they were relieved by a battalion of a very fa-

mous regiment, who had not been in the salient before. The very famous regiment was disgusted at the conditions of the trenches, and muttered its disgust. Rifleman Jones happened to be standing in the trench next to the captain of the relieving company and one of his subalterns.

"Damned if I ever saw such trenches!" said the captain. "Some of these regiments don't do a stroke of work the whole time they are in. Parapet knocked to pieces, no parados worth speaking of, dugouts not splinter-proof, and the sides of the trenches falling in. It's perfectly disgraceful and about time we took over this part of the line."

"Quite time," said the subaltern dutifully.

"In a week we'll have a very different state of affairs here, and you will do your share of making the difference, Myles."

"Certainly, sir," said Myles.

He did, and the whole battalion and incoming brigade did. In a week the trenches were a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The parapet was built up, an immaculate parados made, the trench revetted in the latest style, and the dugouts for company headquarters were a cross between a lady's boudoir and a city merchant's office.

The work was performed in extraordinary peace and quietness, and the incoming regiment considered the salient an overrated spot. When all was done the brigadier came round to inspect and praise. He inspected and praised for ten whole minutes. Then the Germans, who had seen the work from their aeroplanes and found it good, turned two hundred guns on to this bit of line and pounded it out of existence. They gave the very famous regiment samples in large quantities of all their different kinds of shells, and the brigadier brought his inspection to a hurried conclusion and retired with a startled

staff-captain down an unhealthy communication trench. Two hours later there were practically no trenches in the brigade's front line, and the famous regiment understood why trenches in the salient were not exactly the models of what trenches ought to be.

Rifleman Jones lived loathsome, frightened days. His nerve gradually got worse, though he had learned odd little tricks which concealed the fact. They were silly tricks, no doubt, but they achieved their purpose. He had catch phrases to hide his terror. When "sausages" were lobbed over from a German mortar battery and he scuttled for safety into a neighboring traverse, it was his invariable custom to say loudly: "This little man not for heaven this time!" and sometimes to achieve a laugh at the end of it. He had heard the remark made by a rifleman the previous time he had been out at the Front, and it appeared to him a useful one and suitable to almost all occasions of stress. He, therefore, deliberately learned it up so that the words became mechanical. Or, when his battalion were going back from the trenches to billets and the Germans were "crumping" the roads heavily over which they had to pass, he had accustomed himself to say: "Now, if they did this on Wandsworth Common, I should be *very* surprised."

His company commander was of a different type from his previous captain—somewhat morose and with a bite in his tongue. For a couple of months he thought Rifleman Jones the biggest fool Britain had ever sent into her trenches, and frequently acquainted him of his belief. Then one day when he was near Jones in the trenches a sniper sent a bullet through the fleshy part of his arm and Rifleman Jones rushed up to him, took out his own field dressing (which is strictly contrary to regulations) and bound

him up. He did it rather less clumsily than usual, and made a remark which impressed itself on the captain's mind.

"We mustn't have you going home, sir," he said, "or I don't know what the company would do—that I don't,

Considering the wingéd words the wounded officer had often used to Rifleman Jones, this was a gracious speech, and it was said as though it was meant. It had this effect: that the captain, who might quite justifiably have gone home, over-persuaded the doctors, and after a month at the base, returned to his battalion and his company. Moreover, thereafter, he was not quite so morose nor so sarcastic.

So the months passed, and it was not until the winter came that Rifleman Jones got relief. Even then it was against his wish. Each week he had been gradually getting a little weaker, a little more "run down." His cough bothered him more; he found it harder to sleep at nights, and continually his body lived in a state of deadening cold, which no stamping of the feet on trench boards or swinging of the arms in physical exercises could alter. And so, one day, at dusk, when his platoon were sitting by the roadside waiting for a motor-bus to take them nearer the line—they were in a rest camp, and nightly went up on working parties—when a chance "crump" had landed about a hundred yards away, and Rifleman Jones had gasped out his catch phrase about Wandsworth Common and the surprise he would have experienced if a shell had landed there, his head suddenly dropped forward, he fell into a faint, and an hour later awakened in a bed in a field ambulance, four miles behind the firing line.

Neither at the field ambulance, the casualty clearing station, nor the base hospital, did the doctors know quite what to make of Rifleman Jones's case. True, he had a bad cough, but his chest was sound enough; his circulation was

not good, but he had been just saved from trench feet; his reflexes were weak and at night he used to shout out in his sleep silly remarks, such as "This little man not for heaven this time!" but that sort of thing is common enough with men down from the firing line after a long spell of it.

Doctors vary in their methods and temperaments, and Rifleman Jones had experience of all kinds. Some are firm with their patients—I think that is the adjective they use—and some are sympathetic. One of the former told Rifleman Jones that there was "damn little the matter with him," and suggested that the patient knew it, too, but was rather nonplussed by the remark:

"Yes, sir, that is what I think. It was silly of me to faint. If they'd only have let me lie by the roadside till I was better, I'd have got up to the line with the working party all right. It was silly of them to send me down here, and I'll be well enough to go back again tomorrow or the day after, won't I?"

The "firm" doctor did not answer, but looked at the drawn pinched face at the end of the bed with a certain curiosity. Then as he left the bedside, he suddenly stamped his foot loudly on the floor boards and turned round quickly. Rifleman Jones had almost jumped out of the bed, his face had paled, his lips were twitching, and he was mumbling: "This little man . . ." He broke off suddenly and smiled at the doctor.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "just for the moment. I . . . I . . . thought . . . it was stupid of me!"

This sentence had no meaning in it, and could not have been analyzed by the most accomplished elementary school teacher in the country, but it seemed to convey an impression to the doctor. He turned into the officers' mess and found a couple of his colleagues sprawled in wicker chairs.

"Hullo, Mac! Finished your rounds?" said one of them.

"Yes," said Mac surly.

"And how's the skrimshanker?" Jones had been a subject of variance between them before. "Mac" did not reply to the question, but strode up to the mantelpiece, picked up a pipe off it, and packed the bowl of it unnecessarily tightly with tobacco.

"This war's the limit!" he suddenly commented. "I know where I am to a certain extent with bullet wounds or shell wounds and gassing, but it's these creatures who aren't meant for the game and who stick it—these Riflemen Joneses who deserve a special decoration of their own that comes above the V. C.—that beat me."

One of his friends shook his head and pointed to a paragraph in the week-old *Morning Post* which he was reading. It was the period of the Conscription debates in Parliament.

"Don't talk nonsense, Mac," he said, "but listen to one of our lawyer politicians. 'For those who have voluntarily and nobly gone to fight for our country there is no one who has a greater admiration than I. But to force men to fight, to imitate the militarism of our enemies, is to forget the history of our past and the genius of our race. I cannot, and I will not, support such a proposition!'"

Mac turned to the window and looked out at the couple of motor ambulances coming up the drive. Then he thought of the patient he had left five minutes before—the tired-out little grocer who had been shot at and shelled for months on end, and the other grocers who at home were leaning over the counters and smiling their buttery "Good mornings" to suburban customers. "If you want to make me physically sick—" he said; and left the conversation at that.

They wanted to send Rifleman Jones

home—a debility case—but he refused to go; at least that is what it amounted to. He got frightened when they mentioned it, and it was a genuine case of fright. He did not analyze his own feelings, but had he been able to do so he would have known that it was the thought of going back to England for a few brief months and then coming out again which terrified him. He wanted to see Mary and Francis Edward—that was the baby's prosaic name—more than he could say; but he could not face the idea of saying goodby to them a third time. The thought appalled him. So, after he had been in the hospital a fortnight, the doctors marked him: "Light duty at the base," and within a day or two he found himself filling in innumerable returns and indents in a big office in a building overlooking a busy river.

He had an extraordinarily peaceful and happy six weeks there, and did his work conscientiously, though very slowly. He expended, too, a franc on a guidebook, and roamed the old town in his spare hours and learned its history and mysteries. The information he acquired he retailed to Mary in his odd fashion, mixing up the price of Dutch cheeses in France with Joan of Arc and the mistresses of the French kings. He strolled into innumerable old churches, and watching quaint black-gowned old shopkeeping women devoutly praying at odd hours of the day, began to wonder why Nonconformists at home were so bitter against the Church of Rome. Once he found himself kneeling down, too, and speaking to God about Mary and the baby. There is no saying how his faith might not have been undermined had he stayed much longer in that wicked town.

But he did not stay. When there is talk of a big offensive, every strapping man must be nearer the trenches than a base camp, and Rifleman Jones found himself for a third time standing on a

French railway platform waiting to be transported up the line.

He was one of a few details collected from odd offices at the base, and the sergeant who marched them up reported the arrival of his motley crew to the R. T. O., who was standing talking to another officer outside his office door.

"Right!" said the R. T. O. to the sergeant, and glanced at a paper in his hand. "Sixteen, aren't there? All here?" Then he turned to the other officer. "That makes your little lot complete. I should get 'em entrained. You mayn't get off for a couple of hours, or you may get off in twenty minutes. Goodnight to you and . . . good luck."

He turned away to enter his office—a harassed, overworked slave, who had wished good luck to officers going up the line every night for nine months, and had never had the same wish extended to him.

Rifleman Jones recognized the officer in command of them at once, even though he had three stars on his shoulders, and the light in the station was dim. It was his first platoon officer, Francis—a captain now, older looking, and a little more drawn in the face. The rifleman was the last of the sixteen to entrain, and it was not until then that Francis stopped him from entering the carriage. Then he suddenly said:

"Hullo! Aren't you——. Yes, by Gad, it is! It's 1035 Jones. What are you doing here?"

Rifleman Jones told him what he was doing there, and Francis smiled. His smile had always been a pleasant one, and had helped Jones in the trenches.

"Well, I'm glad to see you," he said. "Very glad. And as I haven't a servant with me, you can act as mine on the journey up. You refused once before, but you shan't this time."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Francis—Captain Francis, I should say. Is there anything you're wanting now?"

"Nothing. And I don't suppose there will be anything, unless you boil me a cup of tea on my cooker tomorrow morning. But it will give me the chance of a talk. And we must have lots of news to tell each other."

Rifleman Jones saluted and went back to his carriage. He was as terrified as ever of returning to the trenches, but there was almost a feeling of elation in his heart. He had prayed for many things in his short five minutes in the cathedral, but not for this. Perhaps God had read it into the petition for "those things which in our blindness we cannot ask."

In the carriage a soldier sucking at a pipe looked at him as he entered. "Found a pal mate?" he asked.

The rifleman took off his equipment and placed it on the rack.

"He was my officer first time I was out," he answered. "He's young for a captain, but—but the finest man you ever saw. I'd—I'd die for him, I would really."

The soldier pulled at his pipe, and then taking it out of his mouth, blew on the ashes in the bowl.

"Them's the kind that get killed," he said, after a pause, and as if summing up his experiences of the war.

In the early morning, Jones reported to Captain Francis and made him his cup of tea. On the platform of the station where the train had stopped, they talked together. Francis had been wounded and was rejoining his battalion, and Jones to his delight was destined for the same. The trenches were going to lose some of their terrors if Captain Francis was in a neighboring firebay. The officer remembered, too, to ask about the rifleman's wife, and by a sudden flash of memory recalled that her name was Mary.

"She's very well, thank you, sir," said Rifleman Jones; "and I've often spoken to her of you. She'll be glad when she hears I'm with you again, ever so glad. And there's a kiddy now, sir," he finished with a blush.

"The devil there is!"

"He's a healthy youngster, too, sir. Fat little limbs he has, and eyes like his mother's—blue and comforting like. And I hope you won't think it was impertinence, sir, but we called him after you—one of his names, that is."

A strange light came into the young captain's eyes, and a rush of confused thoughts into his brain. Then, looking out on to the flat French countryside from the platform of the wayside station, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Soldiering isn't so bad after all."

Then they went back to their carriages.

Half a dozen hours later they reached Railhead, a point about six miles away from the firing line, and detrained. Guides from the different regiments met them, and they assembled in parties on the road outside the station and began to move off to the various transport lines distant a mile or two. The party headed by Francis, and including Rifleman Jones, was small—thirty or forty strong, perhaps; and because the day had clouded over and rain had begun to fall in a steady, drenching drizzle, the men sang cheerily—which is a way they have.

When they had gone half a mile on their journey a German gunner officer, away behind the German lines with his big gun, was receiving a visit from his divisional commander accompanied by an important member of the Reichstag—at least, this is how I picture it—who was making a tour of the Front. And the divisional commander had made the gunner show his prowess to the politician, and there had been a pointing out of a spot on a squared map and a couple of rounds let off, and

a little laughter and a clicking of heels and saluting, and a departure of the visitors.

Very slowly, as is their fashion, the first shell made its way through the air, over the British lines, towards the road on which Captain Francis and his little party were marching. They heard it coming and the song suddenly stopped on their lips. Then the shell landed a few yards away, burst, and time and space ceased to exist for some British soldiers on a Belgian road. Rifleman Jones was thrown down, momentarily stunned. Then he rose and looked wildly round for his captain. There were one or two bodies on the road, and half lying in the ditch at the side was another, to which the rifleman rushed. He knelt down beside

The Cornhill Magazine.

it, muttering his catch phrases and fumbling at his field dressing in his tunic lining. He looked at the face; a look of horror came on his own, and the field dressing dropped helplessly in the mud. Rising again, he stumbled into the middle of the road. Then his head lifted, and, gazing upwards into the drizzling rain, he made his one and only protest against things as they are. "It isn't fair, I tell you, it isn't fair!" he cried.

Through the murky atmosphere the second shell thrust its clumsy way.

But of the second shell and its mission I have nothing to say. What I want to insist on is that 1035 Rifleman Jones, W., was a grocer and fought in the Great War of 1914.

METEROLOGY.

Calling on my friend Mayson to drag him out to the allotments I found him lying prostrate on a settee in his study. Normally a cheerful, dapper little man, his aspect was miserable, his clothes were dusty and grimed, there was a black mark on his chin and a red scratch on his nose.

"Good heavens; you've been in an accident?" I cried.

In reply Mayson handed me a brace of letters. They were from his gas company and his electric light company; they told him his maximum allowance of heat and light; they warned him of the consequences to himself should his household exceed that allowance; they advised him earnestly to "take immediate readings of his meters and to repeat the precaution regularly.

"You will observe," said Mayson bitterly, "the cynical audacity with

which these letters imply that the householder is a reckless consumer of gas and electricity. Remember the attitude of gas and electric light companies before the War. My own gas company was always circularizing me with reminders of how I could use more gas. I ought to have gas fires in my bedrooms; it was a reproach to me that I had no cheery blaze in my hall. As for the electric light company, it never let me alone. I ought to make toast with electricity at the breakfast table, to curl my hair with electricity in the bathroom, to light my cigars with electricity and to keep myself cool with an electric fan.

"Whenever, in the old days, I complained of my gas or electric light bills, the companies sent supercilious envoys to tell me that I consumed only half as much as any of my neighbors. Never

was one of those fellows known to enter the house without conveying the accusation that I was a niggard whose custom was not worth having. Have you read your meters yet?"

"No, I can't say that I have. I don't even know where they are."

"Of course you don't," he cried. "Gas and electric light companies are not such fools as to stick meters up in the hall, where you could watch them like barometers, or against the dining room mantelpiece, where you could hear them ticking like clocks. Meters are always purposely hidden in the most inaccessible corners of the house, in places where you can only find them by either crawling or climbing. In nine homes out of ten the only people who know the lairs of the meters are the children, who come upon them when they play hide-and-seek.

"When I received these menacing letters I went to read my meters. I found the electric light meter crouching in an obscure angle of a cupboard under the stairs. No one ever guessed it was there until this morning; we never use the cupboard except to shut the cat in it during air raids. I had to crawl in on my stomach, with a lighted candle in one hand and a pencil and a piece of paper in the other. The meter has no fewer than five faces, or dials, or whatever they call them. I took readings of a sort from the dials, wrote them down in that horrible position and crawled out. Then I couldn't make head or tail of my readings and had to crawl in again; and I still do not understand the rotten little dials. According to my readings I have consumed over a thousand units since

Punch.

Ladyday. If that's right they won't fine me; they'll shoot me in the chill dawn.

"Then when I could move my limbs I went to read the gas meter. I found it perched up in a sort of bird's nest under the ceiling of the coal cellar—you know the coal cellar of an up-to-date house like this, a cubicle eight feet long and three feet broad. A maid brought the kitchen steps; there wasn't room enough for the steps to be strutted out. I climbed them and began to read the meter; the steps collapsed and I fell on the coal."

Mayson rose, dusted himself, surveyed himself in a mirror, removed his black mark and tenderly dabbed the scratch on his nose.

"I'll tell you something I've discovered, though," he ended morosely; "it may interest you as a householder. In addition to their five offensive little faces your gas and electric light meters each have another smaller face. If you look at the instructions upon 'How to Read Meters' on the consumption record card that the companies always hide behind the meters (why can't they leave that in the hall, anyway?) it tells you not to bother about the sixth little face; it remarks that the sixth face is only for the company's guidance. Shall I tell you what it is? It is a wonderful invention that tells gas and electric light companies the amount of your bank balance and how much you can stand.

"No, thank you, I won't come to the allotment. These letters say that the householder ought to take daily readings of his meters. I'm saving my strength for tomorrow."

THE DECLINE IN ECONOMIC MORALITY IN GERMANY.

BY HEINZ POTTHOFF.

(Translated from *Die Hilfe*.)

[*Die Hilfe* is the personal organ of Friedrich Naumann, known chiefly as the author of *Mittel-Europa*. Formerly the leader of the Nationalist-Socialist party (founded on the idea of a combination between Monarchy and Socialism), which came to nothing, Naumann is now a prominent member of the Left Wing of the Radical (Progressive) Party. The attitude of *Die Hilfe* toward foreign policy and peace aims is very similar to that of the Majority Socialists.]

When I laid down the proposition, at the beginning of the world-war, that no German citizen ought to enrich himself from the necessities of the German Government and the German people, my suggestion was generally rejected as unreasonable, as contrary to all historical precedents, and as not to be taken seriously, but rejected or put quietly aside. The last three years have caused a redistribution of wealth such as never occurred before. Gradually it is becoming evident to increasing numbers of people what tremendous difficulties this situation is creating. I will not attempt to discuss whether these difficulties might have been altogether avoided; but I do insist that we have allowed them to become unnecessarily serious because we refused to recognize them at the beginning, because we misunderstood the wholly novel character of this struggle for existence in which our nation is engaged, and did not have the resolution to take energetic economic measures to meet these new conditions. Our war costs, whose burden will substantially rest upon our own property, are at least twenty billions of marks more than they would be under proper economic management. The practice of seizing upon the war as an opportunity for profit, which is absolutely contrary to the spirit of the times, has raised the cost of living to a point that threatens a peril which we shall not fully appreciate until millions of soldiers return from the front and take up again the labors of peace. The Imperial Govern-

ment is already forced, not only to pay unanticipated sums for relief purposes, but to contribute toward the higher current prices, and toward the higher wages (as in the building trades), and thereby to disguise the increase in prices. All this has happened because we lack confidence to commit ourselves to a new path and to adapt our economic measures to the needs of the times.

However, the moral consequences caused by the war crisis seem to me more serious than the financial consequences. We are faced by a decline of general morals in business life, which presents a disgusting contrast to the heroism of the battle line and to the sacrifices and mutual helpfulness which we see at home. This must fill every friend of the country with sorrow, and we must remedy this condition unless we are to incur the contempt of our returning soldiers.

Three years ago, when I raised my voice against profiteering as a feature of business, chambers of commerce, the Hansa Union and other organizations made loud protests against this slander of the merchant classes. A year later (a year too late!) State Secretary Delbrück devoted himself, in a Reichstag speech, to the necessity of branding provision profiteers with ignominy for the rest of their lives and of excluding them from all public office. An order was issued by the Bundesrat against abnormally raising prices. But these measures had no influence, because they did not touch the spot

where a remedy was needed, that is, the great capitalists, who made their calculations according to the usually accepted practices of peace, and in doing so realized enormous profits; which we can only characterize as taking a most reprehensible advantage of the interests of the Empire and its people, even though the actual statutes were not violated. What was lacking was a proper attitude of mind corresponding to the new conditions. The exhortations of the Prussian Minister of Commerce not to use the war as an opportunity for profit had no result. Everybody took advantage of the war opportunities. So general was the practice that a very respectable and prominent merchant ventured to remark, "The man who doesn't get rich in this war ought not to survive it."

It is profiteering when munitions works and other war industries, when sugar mills, brewerries and industries of all sorts make profits of 20, 30 and 50 per cent; when they double and triple their capital; when they write off their whole investment as depreciation; and when they issue new stock to their shareholders in order that the dividends may not become too noticeably high; and this remains profiteering, no matter how necessary and serviceable their work may be, and although they may not earn a higher rate on individual transactions than is legally permitted.

Until we all of us recognize this fact, no change is possible. Laws do not make any difference. On the contrary, innumerable regulations, constantly repeating and contradicting themselves, have had the unwholesome effect of lessening the respect for law in general. The principles of economic regulation are recognized as necessary and just, in spite of all defects. But so long as we lack an intelligent social morality, such provisions encounter everywhere both active and passive re-

sistance. Since there is no general assent to the propriety of these orders, they are made more detailed, complex and strict, until they become so complicated that no one can follow them. At the present time there is not a person old enough to be legally responsible in Germany, who could not be imprisoned on the ground of violating some war regulation! What sort of a condition is that! It is a situation whose evil influence will continue for years after peace is declared.

But the evil spreads wider. This spirit of greed, which seeks its selfish interests regardless of the common welfare, is not confined to landlords, manufacturers, craftsmen and merchants, but has contaminated circles that hitherto have been free from these capitalistic failings. Officials and workingmen are seized with the same spirit. They see the huge war profits which the rich are drawing out of the pockets of the masses, and they follow their example. They do this, not only through wage demands, but through other measures more open to criticism. The principal evil is bribery. It may be in some cases a harmless tip, or it may be direct bribery such as would be punished in times of peace; it may be a single payment, or it may be a regular share in profits. In many business circles this bribery of employees has become a regular feature, and without it it is impossible to get either a contract or a delivery.

The second method is by peculation and theft. I would not go so far as to say that both of these are regular business practices. But everyone knows that respect for property has been seriously undermined. Let a wagon stand on the street for a moment or two, or a car in the railway yard, and it is almost sure to be pillaged. Above all, shipments of food, fuel and similar commodities are treated practically as everybody's property.

The worst of it is that all these irregularities have extended to Government employees. Who considers it a matter of surprise today when post office parcels are lost and express packages arrive with only half their contents? The war has had the effect of abolishing the former strict barrier between the governing classes and the governed. Numberless people from private life have been intrusted with administrative positions, merely upon taking oath of office; while former Government employees have taken positions in private industries. This has caused a decline in official morals.

Let me again make the reservation that I do not claim these conditions to be universal, and that I would not bring reproach upon the great body of professional civil servants. The supervisory authorities have not been able to withstand the temptations of the war crisis. Nothing is gained by closing our eyes to the facts. And the facts are that a business man, who wants to get a contract from the Government, or who needs to have raw materials released, or fuel delivered, or who wants to get quick railway service or prompt payment of an account, finds it advisable to invest a few yellow-backs where they will stimulate the interest and activity of the proper party.

Most unfortunately, this is not limited to subordinate positions, but reaches clear up into circles whose integrity we in Germany have hitherto justly considered above reproach. Even in those circles, new customs have grown up that have a disconcerting similarity to what we have hitherto considered characteristic of Russia. In fact, these evils could not be so rampant among the lower officials if superior officials were above reproach and observed the standard demanded by the honorable old traditions of our official classes. The principal ambi-

tions of the new public servants are, after making immediate provision for a livelihood, a high salaried job in some industry, and secret participation in business profits.

Anyone who considers these charges exaggerated has only to inquire among responsible business men in Berlin or Hamburg, or in the Rhine country, or in Saxony. Where the profits are highest, the evil is the greatest. The situation is serious. The easy-going hope that, when regular peace conditions return and the old officials get back into their places, everything will be remedied of its own accord, is by no means justified. If we let this evil continue, we are facing bad times ahead, and run the risk that even after a victorious peace our business life will be characterized by insatiable greed and unfair competition; that returning soldiers will have a fearful disillusioning; and that our children will look back upon the years following 1918 as we look back upon 1871, as a period of the grossest degeneration of business and social morality.

How is an improvement possible? Not through penalties which no longer have any influence. My own opinion is that the only remedy is a moral one, although the delay of the past three years makes it hard to apply such a remedy. In any case the reform must come from above.

If the leading men in German business life, the presidents of the official boards of manufacturers, traders and agriculturists, the directors of the great corporations and trusts, the managers of the leading banks and factories, will set the example, some results will follow. But that is the only thing that can be done. Men like these must take common action to restore all the property they have acquired through the war. They must renounce all future war profits. They must administer the enterprises of

which they have charge so that the war brings them no higher dividends than they enjoyed in times of peace. They must further declare that they consider any further profiteering at the expense of the Empire and its citizens as contrary to good business ethics,

and must refuse to deal in any way with profiteers, although the latter may not be amenable to the law. If they will do this we may be able to bring about a reform in the fourth year of the war that would have been much easier in the first year.

GENTLEMAN AND BOURGEOIS.*

The two most difficult things to explain to a foreigner about England, it has been said, are Nonconformity and the meaning of the word "gentleman." Both have their roots deep in English history and carry the mind back at least to the days of Roundhead and Cavalier. What is the origin of the social valuation expressed in the "gentleman" tradition? What part has it played in our history? How has it affected our manners and our literature, our politics and our education? What, on the other hand, has been the place of the Puritan tradition in English life? How far has it left its mark on our national character, as foreigners see it? How has it reacted on our trade and enterprise, on our industrial development and our administration of dependent peoples? What, in short, is the difference between an English "gentleman" and a Continental "aristocrat," and between a typical member of the British middle class and the typical "bourgeois" of France or Germany, or other European industrial countries, whom Lenin and Trotsky had in their mind when they issued their recent fulminations?

To answer these questions would be to write a book that is much needed—an English history for Continental

readers. So far as we are aware, the subject has never been treated before; and a more fruitful theme for a historian with a wide knowledge of English literature and a keen eye for historical developments and social contrasts could hardly be found. Unfortunately, Mr. Gretton has made small use of his opportunity. He has taken a splendid subject, but he has so defined it as to omit from his treatment some of its most interesting and characteristic aspects. We open the book expecting a picture or a story: we find an abstraction. We expect Mr. Gretton to remind us of our middle-class friends in the great English books, from Chaucer's pilgrims downwards, and to let us wind our way in their company down the road of English history till the Lollard has become a suburban shopkeeper or a brain-working member of the Labor Party under its new constitution, and the thirteenth-century Oxford undergraduate an Indian civilian or a slum curate or a temporary second lieutenant in Flanders. Instead we are greeted in his first chapter with the chilling announcement that "the middle class is that portion of the community to which money is the primary condition and the primary instrument of life." In other words, Mr. Gretton treats his subject from what cannot but be regarded as one of

The English Middle Class. A Historical Study. By R. H. Gretton. Bell. 8s. 6d. net.

the least characteristic points of view. This book is not an essay on the English middle class, but on the English capitalist or bourgeois—on that side of the English middle class on which it is most closely related to the parallel class on the Continent. No doubt there is some resemblance between Lord Grey and Count Reventlow, who might both by a stretch of language be described, as Mr. Bernard Shaw has described them, as "Junkers"; and there is some resemblance also between Mr. Arthur Henderson and M. Scheidemann or M. Vandervelde, who might all be described as bourgeois Socialists, and between Lord Leverhulme and Herr Ballin or M. Creusot, who are bourgeois capitalists. But such resemblances are not nearly so illuminating as the corresponding differences; nor can they really be grasped and made use of until the differences have been fully appreciated and allowed for.

Within his self-imposed limits Mr. Gretton has produced an interesting and readable volume. Keeping strictly within his definition, he takes the reader through English history from the Gild merchant to the joint stock company in a series of short chapters in which he has embodied the results of a great deal of sound, but discursive, reading. The book suffers from being too long and too ambitious for an essay, and too slight and, it may be added, a little too wilful for a history. For Mr. Gretton is fond of making startling statements, especially on currency questions, which are unconvincing to the reader because he does not allow himself space to develop them. One or two of his generalizations call for a word of comment. Thus

he tells us that "the bulk of the middle class has never come nearer to" a national consciousness "than a sense of the correlation and interdependence of their individual stakes in the country." This is what, before the war, or rather before the Military Service Acts, Germans used to say of the "nation of shopkeepers"; but the facts do not bear it out. All classes of Englishmen, as we have been feeling during the past few weeks, care, and have cared for centuries, far more for their country than they like to admit, the middle class as much as any. It is want of imagination, not want of patriotic feeling, which is responsible for the scandals of war-profiteering. Again, when we are told that at the Restoration the middle class "abandoned the attempt to make a middle class State and successfully proceeded to make the State middle class," we succumb at first to the epigram, but rebel against it on reflection. Cromwell was much more than a bourgeois; and if we are to talk of "permeation," the tide has surely always set rather in the opposite direction. It is the upper middle class, broadly speaking, which has governed Britain in recent years; and is not Prince Lichnowsky more correct than Mr. Gretton when he points out, in somewhat piquant language, it is true, that in England, as opposed to the Continent, the upper ranks of society are always exercising an attractive influence on those beneath? No doubt the converse influences are also in operation; but he would be a bold epigrammatist who should describe the Royal Family or the House of Lords as "middle class." Perhaps Mr. Gretton will return to the subject and fill in his lacunæ.

The Times.

ALCOHOL, ITS USE AND ABUSE.*

By W. M. BAYLISS.

The form of this little volume is a welcome innovation in Government reports, attracting, instead of repelling, the reader. Its object is to present the conclusions arrived at by a committee of the Liquor Control Board after a cold and dispassionate examination of the effects of alcohol. No statements are made without exact scientific evidence, which is clearly explained. On account of the moderation of the general tone of the book, it will probably fail to please extremists of both camps, neither of whom will be able to derive much comfort from its pages. Although the authors have been unable to find evidence of an injurious action of moderate doses, well diluted and at such intervals as to insure the elimination of a previous dose, on the other hand they show that its action is bad when taken otherwise than as mentioned, and that it is devoid of beneficial effect in any form whatever, except in certain abnormal states to be referred to below. This point in its favor is somewhat depreciated, however, when it is pointed out that even moderate doses involve some impairment of the higher nervous functions. In one or two places the impression is given that an attempt is being made to make out the best case for it, and, on the whole, the reviewer finds himself somewhat surprised that so little is actually made out on its behalf.

The names of the committee should be given in order to show how competent it was to treat the problem in its various aspects without prejudice. They are: Lord D'Abernon, Sir Geo. Newman, Prof. Cushny, Dr. H. H. Dale, Capt. M. Greenwood, Dr. W. McDou-

**Alcohol: Its Action on the Human Organism.*
Pp. xli + 133 + Appendix and Index x. London:
H.M.S.O., 1918. Price 2s. 6d. net.

gall, Dr. F. W. Mott, Prof. Sherrington and Dr. W. C. Sullivan.

The first chapter is devoted mainly to the explanation of certain terms used and to physiological preliminaries, which are, indeed, remarkably well done. It is pointed out that there is no mutual exclusion between the properties of a food and of a poison or drug; a substance, such as alcohol, may be both. The nature of alcohol as a food is discussed in the second chapter. It is oxidized almost completely and can afford energy for muscular work, as well as heat. But it cannot be stored, as fat and carbohydrate are stored. It has no kind of accessory action on metabolism. On account of its drug action it can only be used as a food in a restricted manner. In fact, recent work by E. Mellanby (as yet unpublished) has shown that the amount oxidized is the same whether work is done or not. It is therefore not a true foodstuff.

The chief action of alcohol is on the nervous system, and is dealt with in the third and fourth chapters. It is purely narcotic and not really stimulant. The feeling of well-being is due to the blunting of the higher faculties and the general loss of control. Its effect on the performance of all kinds of muscular acts is to delay the rate at which they are done and to reduce efficiency by impairment of skill. In this respect and in those described in the succeeding chapters, if any effect at all is produced, it is a lowering of functional activity. The nervous mechanisms themselves are sensitive to quite small quantities.

In the fifth and sixth chapters it is shown that moderate doses have no appreciable effect on digestion, respira-

tion or the heart. Larger doses paralyze or depress them all. The stimulant action in fainting is said to be due to an irritant effect on the mouth, precisely similar to that of ammonia on the nose. Although pure alcohol has no effect on digestion in moderate doses, certain wines appear to be deleterious. An interesting question is that of the feeling of warmth produced by it. This is really due to dilatation of skin blood vessels, the sense organs sensitive to temperature being situated in the skin. The actual result is a more rapid loss of heat. But here we come across circumstances in which, from the point of view of comfort, alcohol has something in its favor. If a man, after exposure to cold, is taken to warm surroundings, it can do no harm to give him the feeling of warmth, since any heat he loses is supplied from the outside.

The valuable chapter on chronic alcoholism and the cautious discussion
Nature.

of statistical data do not admit of a brief abstract.

On p. 127 we are told that where an emergency calls for the highest powers of perception and judgment, together with prompt action, alcohol is unequivocally detrimental, but that there are cases where a sedative action may be of advantage. Such cases, among others, may be when excessive fatigue results in absence of appetite or inability to sleep. These states, of course, are abnormal and ought not to occur.

On the whole, it seems to the reviewer that if a man knowing nothing about the question were to pick up this volume he would scarcely be tempted to commence the consumption of alcohol. A careful study of this excellent survey of the facts is to be recommended to everyone who takes an interest in the welfare of his fellow-men, and it is to be hoped that its price will not tend to restrict the wide diffusion that the book ought to have.

GUY FAWKES, GUY!

If days like these left leisure for a literary exercise parallel to portrait painting, it would now be possible, by touch after touch of contemporary incident, to make something like a portrait of the type of man who rules us today. He is not merely the old parliamentary hack, who is rather his servant; he is the man of the type of the Harmsworths and Hudson Kearleys, and may be recognized by the fact that all the papers fan him with daily flatteries, exactly like the flatteries offered to princes and patrons in the seventeenth century; florid repetitions adorning him with imaginary victories and imaginary virtues. Dis-

missing all these, the will power, the organizing ability and the rest of the tags, it is possible to trace something of his true character in his acts. A curious confused attempt to combine the immunity and even anonymity of private life with the fame and applause of public life; a touchy self-importance which screams like a cockatoo when criticised; a sheer mental breakdown in the presence of any general principle; an ignorance of history, an ignorance of humanity, a congested combination of the two stupidities, of thinking everybody like oneself and thinking oneself better than everybody; and finally a complete failure

of moral courage and an inability to face the music. These are Business Governments; and there will be a great many more of them. But of all the examples of such futility the most striking and symbolic has been the last feature of the Harmsworth Press. They and other journalists have actually begun to make the solidarity of the Irish bishops in the Irish unity an excuse for the old nonsense of No Popery. They have actually begun to burn poor old Guy Fawkes in effigy; simply because they want some guy on which to get rid of their irritation at having made a very bad blunder; the blunder about conscription for Ireland.

Every sane person told them beforehand it would be a blunder. The case against it was purely patriotic, purely practical and almost entirely military. Abstract arguments about whether the Empire might constitutionally do something, according to the schemes of Gladstone or Isaac Butt, do not touch this practical argument at all. Moral arguments about Ireland "bearing her share" are merely a relief to our own moral feelings; they are based on premises the Irish do not admit. The brute fact is that the Irish, on their own premises, will think themselves right to resist, either passively or actively. Their resistance could be crushed; but crushing it would quite certainly demand many more troops than we can spare. And throughout the dreary agony of crushing it, certain to abound in incidents in which we either are wrong or look wrong, we should feel, like the crumbling of a fretted cliff, the failing of our last hope, the sinking of the sympathy of America. Our Harmsworthian rulers do this senseless thing; then they stare in bewilderment at the ruin they have wrought; and then they bring out their Guy.

The main mark of this sort of thing is weakness, both moral and mental;

the moral weakness of making a mistake and blaming somebody else for it; and the mental weakness of an ignorant and idiotic choice in the matter of the party to be blamed. Nothing is more certain or more self-evident than that the Irish people were against conscription, before there was even any question of the Irish priests. The common-sense way of stating the case is not to say that the bishops are leading everybody, or leading anybody, in this matter; it is to say that everybody has moved in the same direction in this matter, even the bishops. It is a plain question of dates and facts; chronology and concrete history. Nobody moved more early or more eagerly in such directions than extreme anti-clericals. The clerical element moved if anything rather late; and its only effect on the movement would be to moderate it. It moved, hardly so much because it was national (though it naturally is) as because it could not be expected to be violently anti-national. If the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland had really blessed conscription, it would have been exactly as if the whole bench of Anglican bishops in the House of Lords had risen and pronounced a public benediction on Germany, the day after the invasion of Belgium. In other words, it would be a raving impossibility; the sort of thing one would hardly believe if one saw it. The Irish bishops, in our view as in that of many Irish Catholics, have once or twice been unfortunately near to being anti-national; but they could not possibly be so anti-national as to be pro-conscriptionist. This has nothing to do even with whether conscription in Ireland is practical or unpractical, still less with whether it is right or wrong. It is simply a question of the psychological facts of modern Ireland; and the tests which the Modern Irishman's moral sense does in fact apply to this problem. The

causes of it are a long story and a sad one; and the results of it, we most profoundly agree, are sadder still. But the facts of it are simply that the average Irishman, under the existing circumstances, looks on imperial conscription as a foreign invasion and conquest. And he regards it as a man does regard those things, whether he happens to be a priest or happens to be a pot-boy.

Next comes, as we say, the ineffable silliness of the excuse selected. It is perhaps the dingiest object in the Early Victorian dustbin. It is what the Rev. Charles Spurgeon called the Roman Image. The criticism of it, it is needless to repeat, has nothing to do with any sanctity or even dignity in the religious system or its representatives; such as some of us may recognize and some may not. It would be exactly the same if the individuals were of any other type or trade. The point lies in the weak-minded way in which you apparently deal with the situation, when you are a strong-minded organizer in a business government. You mismanage things so that a mob of millions roars like one man against you; and then, rolling your bewildered eyes over the crowd you notice that it contains some particular sort of persons such as it naturally might contain, say a professional organist or an amateur billiard champion. You then remember that your Non-conformist great-aunt had a prejudice against billiards and church music, and you say between your clenched teeth, "The vile billiard-marker and organgrinder are asserting their horrid power."

Nevertheless the diversion thus selected is interesting; because it indicates the type of culture among these men whom our papers flatter and our politicians obey. It is something not only stupid but stale; like an attempt to attach a permanent sanctity to pegtop

trousers or crinolines. They do not even understand the intellectual fashions of their day, if they expect to frighten the world with a Jesuit for a Jack-in-the-box. That the Catholic theory, or indeed the whole Christian theory, will prove only a mighty myth and pass; that is still held by able and sincere though in our view mistaken men. But that Roman Catholicism is only a horrible hole-and-corner heresy of that religion; a dingy conspiracy the State need no longer "tolerate"; a perverse local superstition at which English Christians have a historic right to hold up their hands in horror; that view has neither history nor philosophy nor current and common talk behind it, and is less and less discoverable among educated men. To fight for it now is to fight against the light, and even against the light of scepticism.

And this last aspect of the case happens to add a rather important comment to the current debates about Education, and even the last Education Bill. We have already urged other reasons for resisting that measure; the fact that it is made to fit the framework of the Servile State; the fact that it removes another essential section of human life from the natural affection and authority of the free family; the fact that it is the last of the long list of coercion acts which, in practice coerce only the common people. But if anyone would understand fully why Catholics, and many who are not Catholics, reject its plausible plea for State education, let him consider that these vitally uneducated men are now our statesmen, and that this sort of claptrap would be the culture of their State. It is easy in the abstract to see that everybody would be the better for reading Plato or Shakespeare; and yet not to be reconciled to receiving culture from a ruling class, which draws its notions of a national movement from

the novels of Mr. Joseph Hocking and the interior of Mr. Kensit's shop. And if it be true, as some say, the religion there reviled is now the only effective barrier to such legislation, then an

The New Witness.

enlightened enemy of that religion, could only say that circumstances have somehow forced it, for the moment, to be the last champion of the liberty of the mind.

WARTIME FINANCE.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The following announcement has been made by the Directors of the Bank of England:

The Bank of England announce that Sir Gordon Nairne, Bart., has been appointed Comptroller of the Bank. Sir Gordon will take up his new post as Chief Officer of the Bank on the 9th inst., on which date he will relinquish his duties as Chief Cashier.

By those who are familiar with the history and constitution of the Bank of England, the foregoing announcement will be read with interest as marking one of the most important developments which has taken place in that institution for many years past, the post described being, of course, quite a new one. Throughout the period of the war there has been general recognition of the national services performed by the Bank in connection with the flotations of Government loans and in the matter of organizing the resources of Lombard Street. Nevertheless, it has been perceived, and in no quarter, perhaps, more clearly than in the Bank Court itself, that if the usefulness of the Central Institution and its effective power as the pivot of our banking and monetary system is to be maintained, there is as much need for modern methods at Threadneedle Street as in any other departments of commerce and finance.

For many years it has been felt by

capable and impartial observers that there were two directions in which the power and usefulness of the Bank of England to the general community might be strengthened. One of these concerns itself with modifications of the Bank Act of 1844, and the other with the constitution and management of the Bank itself. No fewer than fifty years ago Walter Bagehot, in his famous work, "Lombard Street," writing on this question of management, pleaded for greater continuity in what, for want of a better word, may be described as the "general management" of the Bank.

To the uninitiated, it may be explained that while the Bank of England has a board of twenty-four directors, subdivided into a small committee of management, generally known as the Treasury Committee, great power attaches for the time being to the Governor and Deputy Governor, both of whom are elected for a period of two years only. Thus, in spite of the fact that the whole of the four years is given exclusively by the holders of those offices to the affairs of the Bank, the time is sometimes all too short to provide for perfect continuity of policy, more especially in view of the fact that the office of Chief Cashier scarcely corresponds to that usually associated with the management of our outside banking institutions.

Nevertheless, and in spite of any shortcomings arising from this con-

tinuity of management at the Bank, posterity has for the most part endorsed Bagehot's opinion that it would be inadvisable to make the position of Governor a permanent one. It was Bagehot's opinion that the post was too important and one of too much power to be held permanently by any one man. He, therefore, advocated either the appointment of a permanent Deputy Governor, or the creation of an only slightly less responsible position to be filled by an actual practical banker.

And after the lapse of many years that is what is now taking place, and we think that not only has a suitable time been chosen for the change, but that the Bank is fortunate in having at hand to fill this new and responsible position an official such as Sir Gordon Nairne, who has long enjoyed the perfect confidence of the Bank Court and the esteem and respect of the entire financial community.

It need scarcely be said that there is nothing in the change which has been made which alters in the least degree either the duties or the powers of the Governor and the Deputy Governor, but—at least, so it seems to us—by the creation of this new post, and the larger powers and opportunities which it gives to the practical banker who will hold it, succeeding Governors and Deputy Governors should find their hands enormously strengthened, while much should have been done to insure continuity of policy, despite successive changes in the personnel of Governors and Deputy Governors. Moreover, if and when the time arrives for effecting any modifications in the Bank Act of 1844, bringing it into line with present-day requirements, it will be all to the good that what may be termed the inner management of the Bank should have been so materially strengthened, as we consider it has been, by the greater responsibilities and enlarged

opportunities which will now fall to the share of its former Chief Cashier.
The London Post.

"FLIGHT FROM TAXATION."

Much the most remarkable feature of the new German "Budget" is the "Bill for the Prevention of Flight from Taxation." The following passages are quoted from the explanatory statement appended to the bill:

The war leads inevitably to increases of taxation of the most various kinds. In Germany, as in other belligerent countries, it will be impossible to avoid further direct taxation, apart from the building up of the system of indirect taxation. Attempts to escape from such increased burdens by residence abroad will all the more certainly be made after the war, because the States which remain neutral will probably have to reckon upon considerably smaller increases of taxation. It is the common interest of the Empire, the Federal States, and the municipalities to prevent such attempts to escape.

Apart from the emigration of persons liable to taxation, the emigration of capital demands the most serious consideration. We shall have to consider carefully to what extent and in what manner foreign property that is in German hands can be rendered more liable than has hitherto been the case to German taxation. We shall also have to consider further measures to prevent evasions of taxation. A general settlement of the matter is not possible at present, and the protection of our fiscal interests will depend upon the development of the particular taxes.

The bill provides that all German subjects, and all former German subjects who have been naturalized in foreign countries since August 1, 1914, shall be liable to "personal" taxation in Germany for a period of five years from the end of the year in which war with all Great Powers is ended. It is explicitly stated that this provision ap-

plies to State taxation as well as to Imperial taxation, and that the States shall collect on behalf of the municipi-

The Times.

palities and school areas an amount equivalent to the amount of the State taxes.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The literature of domestic economy, in its most practical sense, is widening daily. A valuable contribution to it is Mrs. Dora Morrell Hughes's "Thrift in the Household" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.). It touches upon all aspects of marketing, managing, and economizing; contains up-to-date recipes, which have been practically tested; and gives useful suggestions as to coal and ice, the care of clothing, the family garden, and other related subjects. It is the fruit of years of experience as editor of and contributor to household magazines; and will be a boon to housekeepers who find the problem of the high cost of living a staggering one.

"A Soldier Unafraid" (Little, Brown & Co.) is well named. It contains home-letters written from the trenches of the Alsatian Front by Captain Andre Cornet Auquier, a young French officer of dauntless courage and unwavering religious faith, describing, from day to day with rare simplicity his experiences on the fighting line. The first letters were written early in August, 1914, the last on the 29th of February, 1916. On the night of that day, Captain Auquier was fatally wounded by a shell, and died the next day, his last words, spoken with a smile, being, "It must be accepted; one must submit." The book is a slender one. It may be read in an hour; but the impression which it makes upon the mind will linger long. The letters are translated, with an Introduction, by Theodore Stanton.

The leading figures in Leroy Scott's new story, "Mary Regan," are Mary herself, the fascinating daughter of the famous master criminal, Gentleman Jim; her brother, Slant Face, once a pickpocket of amazing skill, now the manager of a little motion-picture house; her lovers, Bob Clifford, a detective who is on the square, and Jack Morton, a gay young spender bridled by his father with reins in the hands of a private detective; Bradley, the crookedest chief of detectives the New York police department ever had, now doing business as a licensed black-mailer; the elder Morton, an able man of big affairs but remarkable neither for business nor personal morality; Loveman, a lawyer who specializes in domestic difficulties, and Lieutenant Jimmie Kelly, one hundred and twenty pounds of grit and daring. Some of these very clever persons have made a subtle business out of the reaction of the City's Big Pleasure upon human ambitions and frailties; the rest are trying to catch them at it. The story is one of the most elaborate and ingenious of its kind. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The story which Major Nevil Monroe Hopkins of the Ordnance Reserve Corps of the United States Army tells in the volume which he describes as "Over the Threshold of War" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is one of unique and thrilling interest. It was Major Hopkins's lot to be in Antwerp, on a projected pleasure trip around the world,

when the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was assassinated, in June, 1914. In Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Moscow, he witnessed the feverish preparations which so soon followed and which grew more intense as the purpose of Germany to make the demands upon Serbia a pretext for a world war became apparent. He saw at close range the effect produced upon the populations of the different countries; talked familiarly with peasants and soldiers; witnessed the swift mobilization when the orders came; was attached to the American Embassy at Paris, and helped to extricate panic-stricken Americans from the war zone; saw and shared in the retreat from Mons; and fell under German suspicion in Belgium, and was forced to use his engineering experience in aid of a German patrol. He kept a diary of all that he saw and passed through; and it is this diary—the more vivid because the narrative is of experiences freshly told at the time—which forms the material for the present volume. His story supplements the formal records of diplomats and the narratives of war correspondents with such intimate pictures of peoples and officials as help to a clearer understanding of those days of growing tragedy. There is a flavor of humor in such incidents as his dinner at Dover, and the unexpected toast given in his honor, and his account of the panic of Americans traveling in France; and there is pathos in plenty, though not of a strained or exaggerated type, in his descriptions of the stricken populations. He carried his camera with him, and the book has seventy illustrations, partly from photographs which he took, partly from clever drawings by Edmund Frederic, and partly from documents and proclamations in color, reproducing exact-

ly the orders issued by the German invaders for cruel reprisals and levies at Lunéville, Lille, Brussels and elsewhere. One of these which the reader will not easily forget is the proclamation of Gen. von Bissing at Brussels, announcing the condemnation and execution of Edith Cavell and others. Major Hopkins, since his return to this country, has been delivering illustrated lectures for the benefit of French orphans and destitute Belgians, and the proceeds of the present volume are to be devoted to the fund of the Belgian Scholarship Committee, of which he is chairman.

The reader who takes up "*Christine, a Fife Fisher Girl*," with misgivings lest Amelia E. Barr's hand may have lost its cunning will soon yield himself gratefully to the charm of the simple, wholesome story of responsibilities bravely borne. Christine's parents are thrifty fisherfolk of the earnest, devout type; five of her brothers follow the family tradition; for the education of the sixth, at Aberdeen, parents and sister make sacrifices which his egotism accepts and forgets too easily. Two lovers—one of the village, the other the young master of the manorhouse—figure in the opening chapters, and the dignity with which Christine receives their devotion is in refreshing contrast to the headlong abandon of the average heroine. The sudden death of the father and the long illness of the mother strain the resources of the little household to their utmost, and put Christine's patience and her lover's constancy to a severe test. The kindly efforts of the dominie to lighten their load are among the most lifelike episodes in a book full of homely human interest. D. Appleton & Co.

WHO CARES?

BY KLAXON.

The sentries at the Castle Gate,
We hold the outer wall,
That echoes to the roar of hate
And savage bugle-call—
Of those that seek to enter in with
steel and eager flame,
To leave you with but eyes to weep
the day the Germans came.

Though we may catch from out the
Keep
A whining voice of fear,
Of one who whispers “Rest and sleep,
And lay aside the spear,”
We pay no heed to such as he, as soft
as we are hard;
We take our word from men alone—the
men that rule the guard.

We hear behind us now and then
The voices of the grooms,
And bickerings of serving-men
Come faintly from the rooms;
But let them squabble as they please,
we will not turn aside,
But—curse to think it was for them
that fighting men have died.

Whatever they may say or try,
We shall not pay them heed;
And though they wail and talk and lie,
We hold our simple Creed—
No matter what the cravens say, how-
ever loud the din,
Our Watch is on the Castle Gate and
none shall enter in.

Blackwood's Magazine.

“THE CHILDHER.”

Hope-Song of an Irish Mother.

It's often an' often, all alone, by the
oul' road gate I stan',
A-screenin' the sun from my achin'
eyes wid a tired an' thremblin'
han',
A-gazin' up the long white road that
lades to Castlebar—
The heart within me dhrummin',
While I'm waitin' on them comin'—
The childher, och! the childher! comin'
home from the war!

My two brave boys! it's giants they
were, an' straight as the stately
larch,
Their spirits hot as the heart o'
June, an' wild as the wind o'
March.
An' I mind me now whin they wint
away on Barry's ou'l side-car—
T'wor folly to forbid them,
So my heart an' sowl wint wid
them,
The childher! och! the childher! goin'
off to the war!

“Twas the sore black story o' heartless
laws their father himself could
tell,
An', shure, the sight o' a soldier's coat
he hated as hard as hell.
An' he's dead an' gone, an' his sowl's
at rest where the good an' threue
ones are,
Yit I'm thinkin', wor he livin',
His blessin' he'd be givin'
The childher! och! the childher! far
away at the war!

It's printed, they say, in the pa-
pers that my darlin' lads are
dead,
An' “Pray for their souls, they'll come
home no more,” himself, the
Soggartur said.
But niver will I belaive it, for to me
an' Castlebar
A call they would ha' given
As they made their way to Hiven,—
The white sowls o' the childher goin'
Home from the war!

So it's often, plaze God, wid a hopin'
heart, by the ou'l road gate I'll
stan',
An' shade the sun from my burnin'
eyes wid a weary but willin'
han',
An' my strainin' gaze'll search the
road that rambles white an'
far,
The heart within me dhrummin',
Till at last I see him comin'—
The childher, och! the childher! comin'
home from the war!

The London Chronicle.